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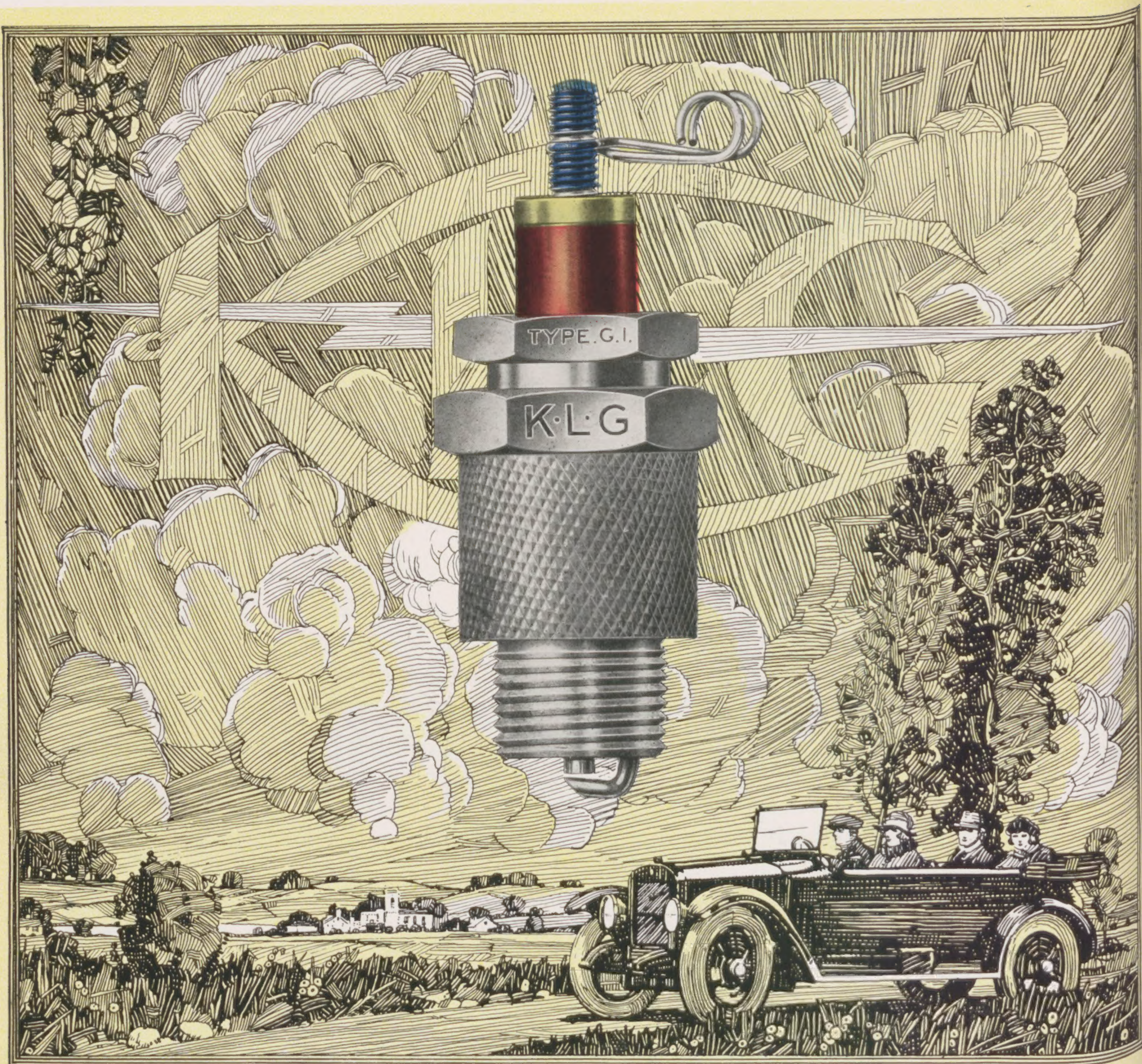
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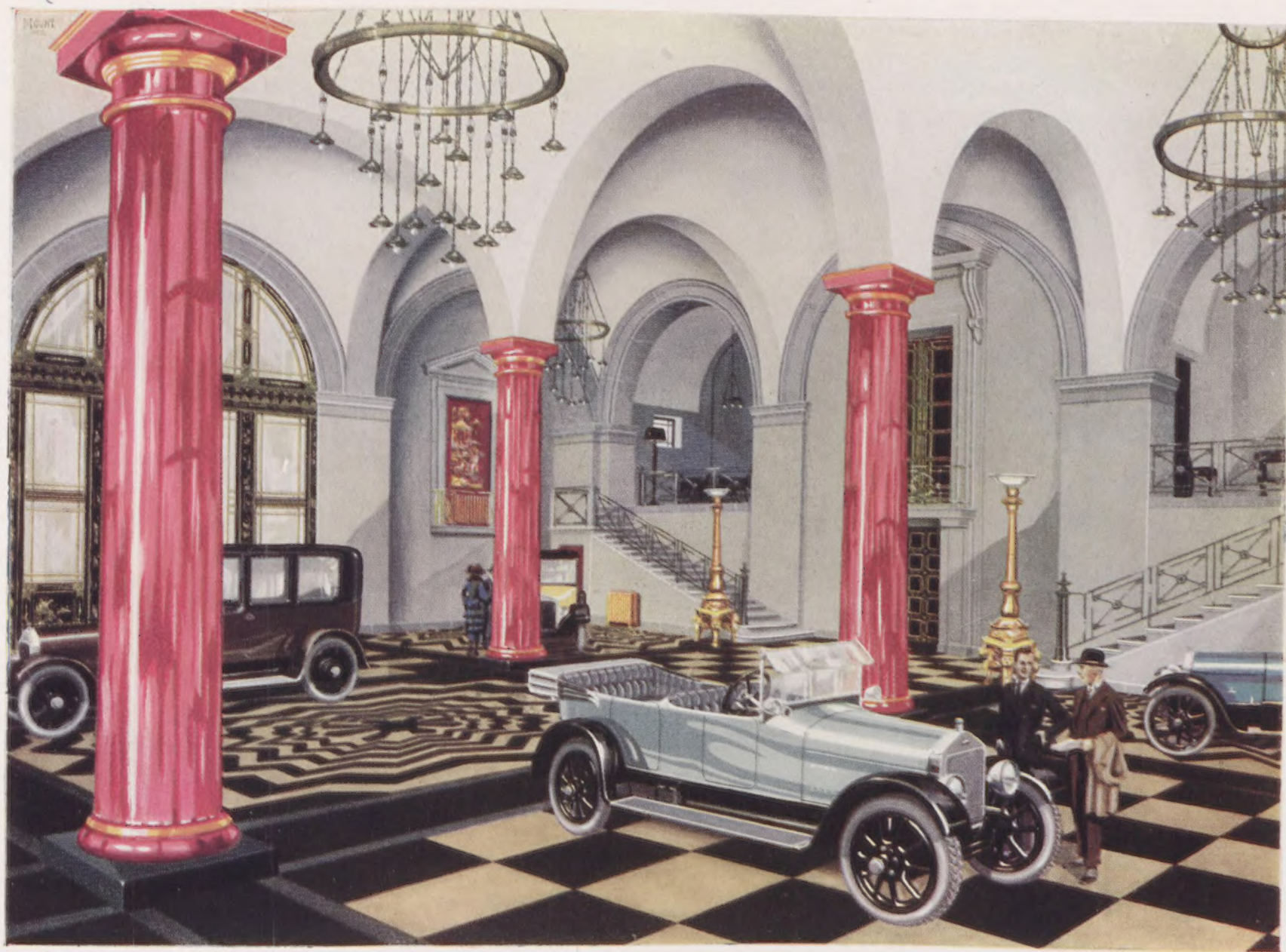
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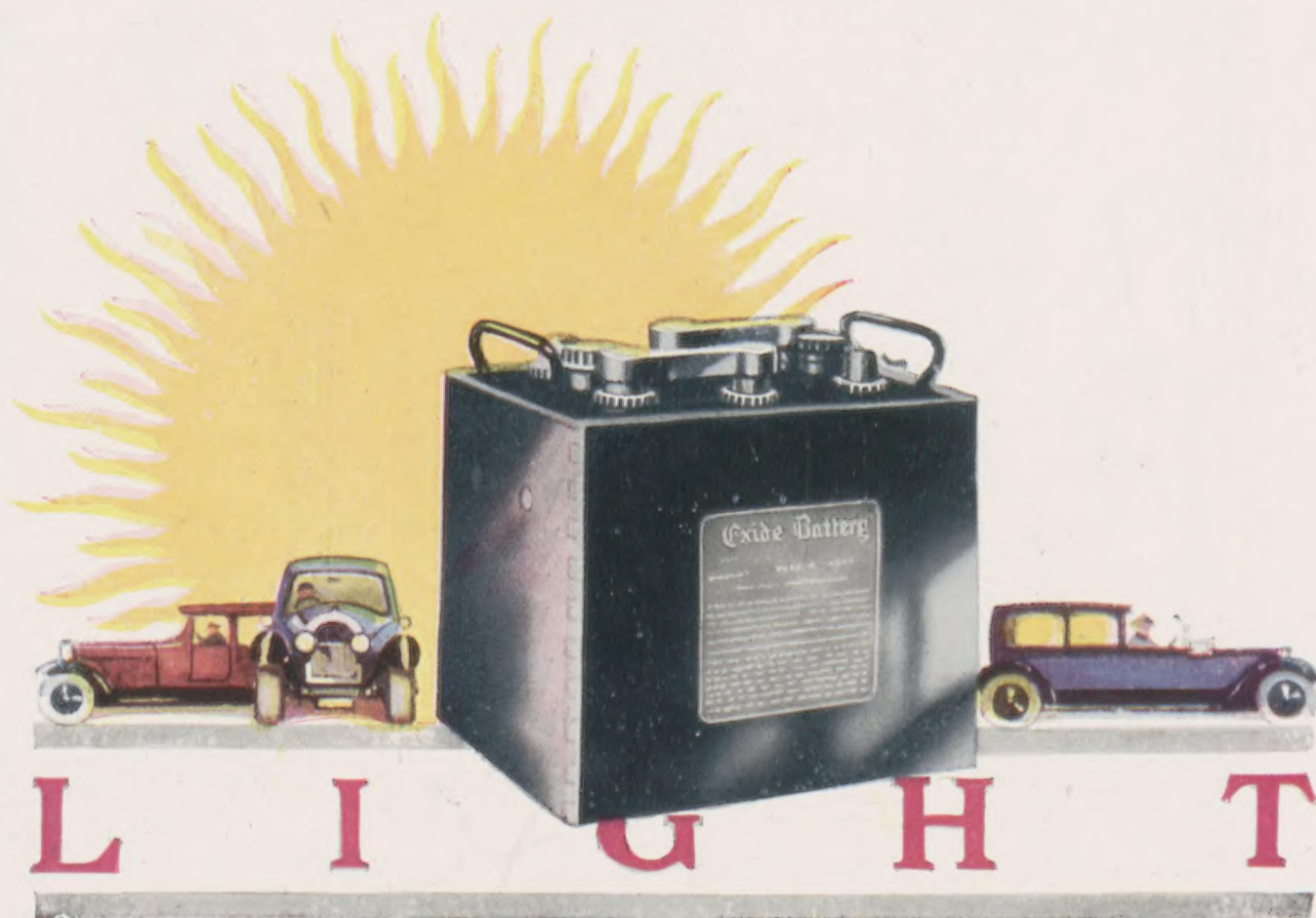
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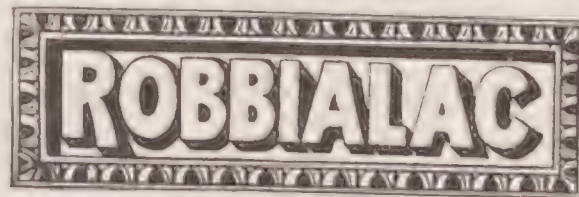
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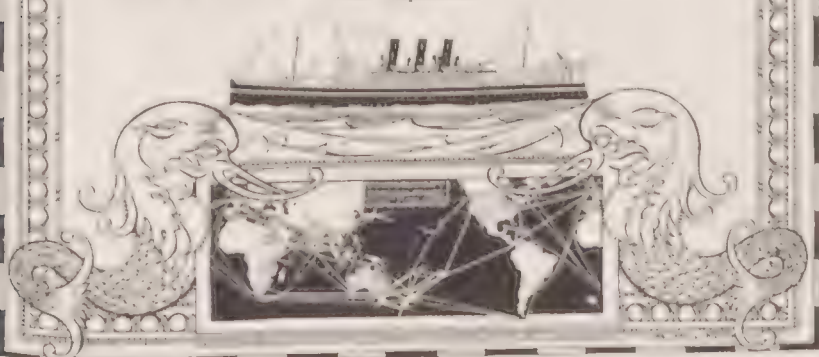
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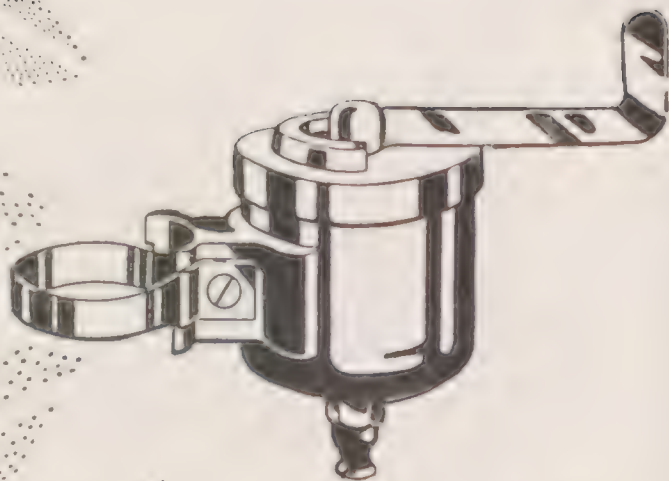
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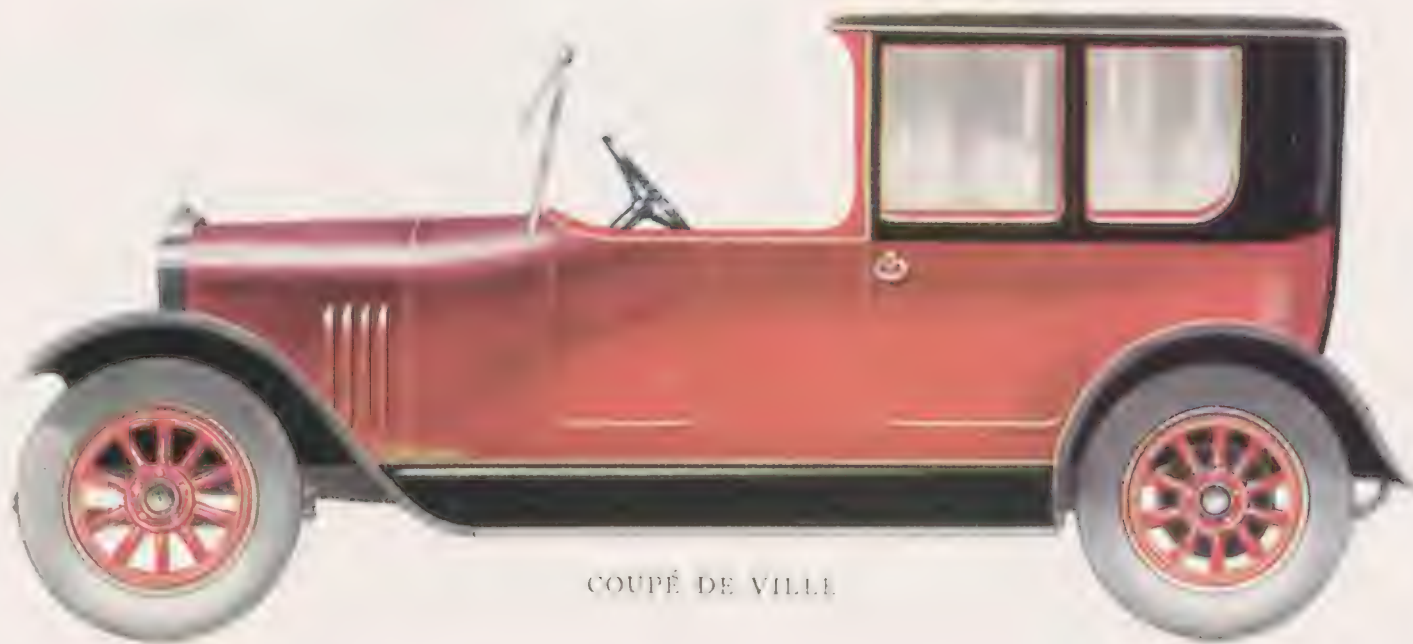
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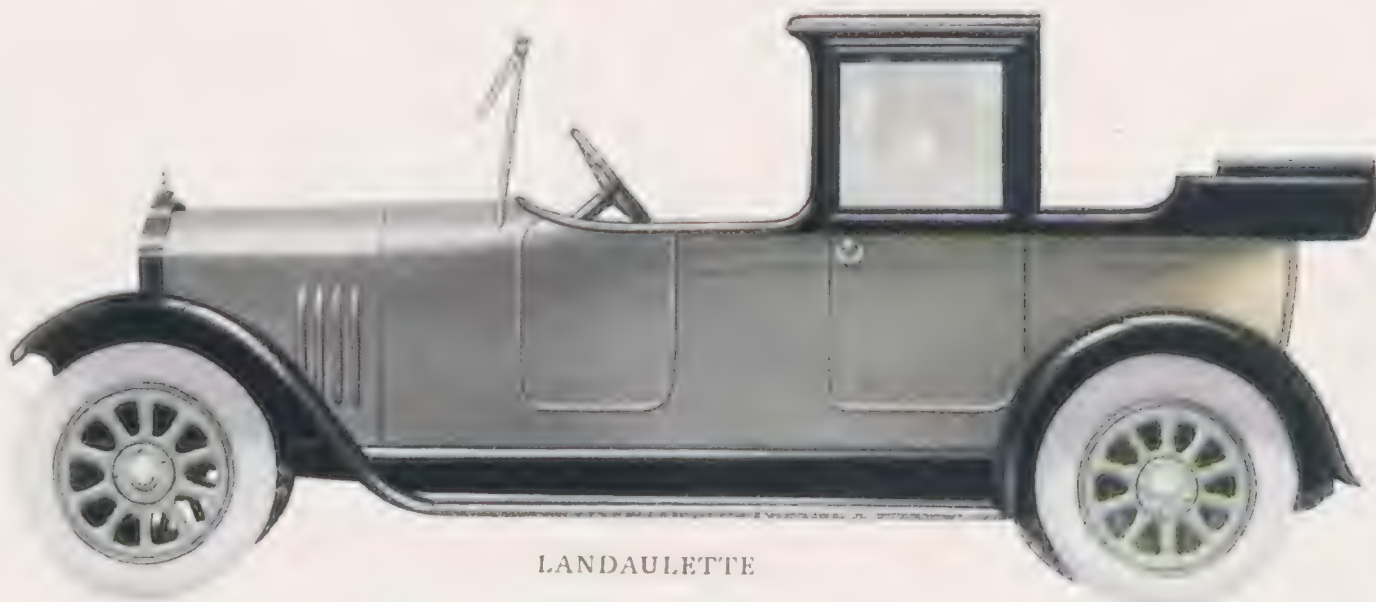
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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

DECEMBER  
1923



VOL. V  
NO. 55

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Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.



*"FROM MANY A TWIG THE PENDENT DROPS OF ICE."*



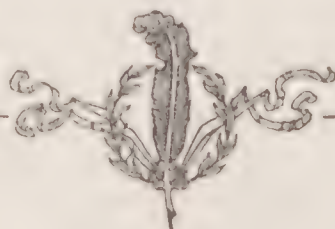
"As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still,  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
For men of gentle will."





# SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN.

*The Editor Offers to All His Readers the Compliments of the Season.  
May Their Visions, as Seen Through the Screen, be Always Bright.*



THEIR MAJESTIES possess a "nice conduct"—to employ an old world phrase—in the matter of Christmas cards, and for many years the Royal greetings have graced artistic subjects of an individuality as interesting as it is unique. The King's card, this year, will depict the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay in 1688, while the Queen's will show that other Mary, of Scots, as a young girl seated in a rose-garlanded bower. To Queen Alexandra the subject of "Queen Anne's Bounty" has made appeal, and the charms of an autumn garden illustrate Princess Mary's choice. A classic subject has been chosen by the Prince of Wales, whose card shows the founding of Eton College by Henry VI.

## On the Cards.

THE Royal example in the choice of subjects for seasonable greetings is this year to be more generally followed by those for whom the conventional Christmas of frost and snow has become only a memory or a legend. The yearly home replica of Kipling's "Mocking Christmas" of India has at last brought about the production of missives singularly at variance with those our fathers used to admire. Thus, summer at the seaside, pierrots, country lanes in June garb, and the like, now replace the expectant robin hopping painfully along a path of powdered glass, and the holly pathetic in its counterfeit presentment. *Eheu, fugaces!* Likewise, *Tempora mutantur!* etc.

## The Prerogative of the Pedestrian.

ALTHOUGH it is our earnest endeavour to maintain a calm judicial attitude towards the rights of all road users, there are moments when our natural serenity is ruffled, and we cry aloud, not for any drastic extinction of such rights, but rather for the necessity of exercising them in a spirit of sweet reasonableness.

Our remarks are directed towards the undoubted prerogative of the

pedestrian to enjoy safely the amenities of the great highway in his comings and goings. If for no other reason priority of use gives him claims. Are not our roads but extended tracks beaten out of virgin country by the feet of countless generations?

The gentlemen whose unpleasant public duty it is—amongst many others—to make preliminary enquiries into fatal motor accidents have been lately drawing attention to, and emphasising, these pedestrian rights. Our previous comments sufficiently indicate that we agree with their admonitions; but we would urge, most deferentially, that they should be accompanied by a warning that the possession of these rights does not exempt their holder from taking reasonable precautions. In other words the claim of the man afoot that a motorist should drive carefully, has its correlation in the demand of the user of swift locomotion that the walker should walk carefully!

We honestly think that the motorist in the mass is prepared to use his speed sanely, and with a due regard to the comfort of his fellow wayfarers. Admittedly, there is a section of motorists that does not show this consideration, but it is a minority, and moreover, a minority which is rapidly becoming extinct by the action of the law. We are even more gratified that the condemnation of the majority of automobile enthusiasts is also a potent factor to this desirable consummation.

Our modest grumble is summed up in a plea for the more general observance of the spirit of concession in all road users whether they drive car, horse or shanks' pony.

## The Altruist.

IT would be interesting to know what that hopeful peace merchant and philanthropic seeker, Mr. Edward Bok, of New York, thinks of the task he has brought down upon his devoted head. His offer of a prize of £20,000 for the best plan for ending wars has

disclosed the existence of 22,165 experts on the subject; these representing 22 nations in all! It seems well that a jury of award has been selected, thus rendering it unnecessary for the contestants (baleful word in the connection!) to meet to expound their views; else Mr. Bok might find a little war of his own ready to his hand, and his altruistic scheme nipped in the bud!

## Good Fellowship on the Road.

THIS season of universal goodwill constitutes a happy moment in which to launch a plea that the amenities of the road should be practised to the utmost. The golden rule for all motorists should be—I must never pass a stranded car without slowing down and shouting a cheery "Anything I can do?" In the great majority of cases your assistance will not be required, but it may be that a timely loan of petrol or sparking plug, or a helping hand in rectifying some minor engine trouble, would make all the difference to the unfortunate road-derelect.

Looking at it from the lowest standpoint, you may be in trouble yourself some time or other; and, as some cynic has observed justly, "gratitude is but a lively sense of favours to come."

## True "Blues."

ONE gathers that that much-discussed dance, the "Blues," is not inaptly named. It would appear to have received a fair chance to prove itself deserving of a happier title, but under any other name it is to be feared that it would cast the same "shade." In places where dancers most do congregate it is having a cool, not to say cold, reception. It has its supporters, to be sure, but they are experts for the most part, and it is moreover a slow dance, and slow dancing is a difficult art. The experts are therefore bid welcome to a performance which gives the suggestion that they are dancing for money and are doubtful of being paid!



DAZZLE! DAZZLE!! DAZZLE!!!

The Never-Ending Dazzle Problem.

WHATEVER personal views may be held as to the propriety of switching off head-lamps when meeting another car, there is, of course, no question that all loyal supporters of the R.A.C. will comply with its dictum which directs us to avoid the practice.

Apropos of this subject we desire to draw attention to the fact that side-lights are in many cases just as dazzling as head-lamps. There is no reason why this should be so, for it is very seldom that a motorist drives by them. We strongly advocate that where this brilliancy exists the matter should be remedied.

Various methods for accomplishing this will readily suggest themselves. The adjustment of the lamps may be altered so that the beam is directed downward to the road instead of upward; or, of course, bulbs of lower candle-power may be used.

If for any reason these expedients may not be considered advisable, the light can be dimmed by putting some tissue or grease-proof paper inside the lenses, or by lightly painting the back of the glass white.

We may also enter a protest against the improper use of the spot-light, and although we admit its utility when properly applied, it must not be forgotten that its use at all is at present illegal.

Apart from its recognised value for reading a sign-post without leaving the driving seat, and so forth, there are two occasions when its use is warranted. Firstly in a fog when the beam should be directed on the left-hand kerb or hedge merely as a guide to position, with the head-lamps switched off. Secondly, in meeting cars with dazzling head-lamps when one's own are feeble. In this case the beam should also be trained to the left, but a little farther ahead and low down to pick out pedestrians, farm carts or cyclists.

Sermons in Sport.

TO quote from the sayings of the average cleric, whether in the pulpit or out

of it, was, not so very long ago, merely to "chronicle small beer." There were exceptions, of course, but convention too often walked hand-in-hand with natural limitations, and "the pale young curate" was little less inspiring, or inspired, than his brother more fortunate in preferment. This drab condition has, however, largely changed, and we have, here and there, even examples of the enterprising disciple who does not hesitate to employ, *coram publico*, the "big, big D!" It was with interest, therefore, that one noted a recent deliverance of the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Wallasey, to the effect that: "White flannels are no less sanctified than 'plus fours,' and a sparking plug no less than a niblick!"

Nero, Junior.

TO read of the achievements of one Walter Johnson, *aet.* 8, is to inspire the thought that he must have been seeking blood-brotherhood with that eminent if youthful criminal of the *Bab Ballads* who "boiled his little sister Jane!" Walter, whose talents now threaten to become atrophied in an industrial school, has left behind him a record which entitles him to be regarded as a budding Caligula or Nero at the least. As witness:—"He stuck a fork into his little brother; put the cat on the fire; cut the baby with a chopper; threw hot water over the

boy next door." One trembles to think of what dizzy heights, or fearsome depths, this bright little lad might have reached had his activities not been thus early restrained. Precocity is justified of her children!

"Out on the Deep."

A PERUSAL of Mr. T. A. Mitchell-Hedges' enthralling book, *Battles With Giant Fish*, makes one who is not contentedly wedded to toying with codlings and dabs long to be a member of the party he is taking with him on the new voyage of adventure upon which he has just embarked. Mr. Mitchell-Hedges has living evidence to prove that giant fish pertaining to the mesozoic period, weighing tons and many yards in length, still live and flourish in the waters of the Pacific and the Caribbean Sea. Enormous sting-rays, sharks, sawfish and tarpons have all been handled, at respectful distances, by this intrepid sportsman, who has now gone to add to his own and the world's knowledge of the secrets of the seas. On his last trip Mr. Mitchell-Hedges discovered a pearl-oyster bed which he personally proved to be of very great value, amongst the gems he has shown being a pearl assessed at £8,000. The whereabouts of this sea-cave of Aladdin is, however, its discoverer's secret. One of the lucky companions on this voyage is Mr. Henry S. Tuke, R.A., whose

gifted brush will doubtless preserve some of the thrilling experiences anticipated.

A Miss Understanding.

HE thought I said "Yes," but I'm sure I said "No!" My heart was a-beating, my cheeks were aglow I looked on the ground, and I thought he would go; He thought I said "Yes," but I'm sure I said "No!"

Now what could I do, for he thought I said "Yes"?

He sat close beside me, and — you'll never guess?

If you look at me so I cannot confess!

He—I'm sure I said "No!" but he thought I said "Yes!"



He: "Is my memory correct as to your last name?"

She: "You'd better try to remember my middle one. The last one changes so often."



# A STRAIGHT TIP FOR PAPA!



*The Father:* "Do you like this thing, my dear?" *The up-to-date offspring:* "A-Yes. I don't think it's successful as an expressionistic effort, but very interesting as a psychological study."



BUT WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

## ARE OUR CARS TOO CHEAP?

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*The outstanding feature of the Motor Exhibition was the remarkable car value for money so temptingly put before us. But all that glitters is not necessarily gold—and there anent, here a tale is told.*

THE Motor Show has come and gone, but the echoes of its turmoil and thunder remain with us, and will continue to affect our outlook until the preliminary announcements of the 1924 festival despatch them into the limbo of the past.

In this article I propose to focus upon the outstanding feature which impressed me, and to offer for your consideration the deductions one seems warranted in drawing, together with their bearing upon the future. The one item which stands head and shoulders above all others is that of prices, and here I find myself not altogether in agreement with the cries of jubilation which have greeted the reductions. At the first blush this may strike you as unnecessary carping, but I must ask you to suspend judgment whilst the evidence for the defence is unfolded, always bearing in mind that "no man can allow his considered opinions to be swamped by any thought of their immediate popularity." At the onset let me make it quite clear that in the majority of cases the value offered for money is extraordinary—in fact, far above anything of a like nature in the previous history of the motor industry in this country. From the viewpoint of the moment this is all to the good; indeed, if we were sure present conditions could be maintained any objections would be futile. But it is the essence of my argument that in many cases reigning prices cannot last, for the reason that their economic basis is unsound!

This assertion calls for amplification. Well, you are doubtless aware that the number of cars produced by any given manufacturer has a most important bearing upon the sale price. This factor enters into every phase of cost—but mainly into that

of the distribution of overhead charges over the output. Obviously the man who can manufacture 10,000 cars a year has an advantage in this respect as well as in many others over the man whose output is 500 cars per annum.

Herein we have the subject matter which has caused the frenzied rush of British manufacturers to reduce prices. Now, in continuing the argument, we must differentiate between the makers who have an existing large output and those who hope to create one. The former—you may take the Chevrolet, Morris and Rover Eight for examples—can make a low selling price by reason of their happy condition in this respect; the latter, I am afraid, are in many cases in that unpleasant position where "hope tells a flattering tale." They argue in this wise: "We have an output of ten cars a week, at a certain figure. If we were putting out 150 per week we could sell at a reduced rate. We will just try it out at the lower figure and see if increased orders result." A very enterprising proposition, one that has made the fortune of

many firms in the past, but to be successful the project must be confined to the few. It becomes fallacious if every manufacturer adopts it, for the car purchasing public is not sufficient to absorb the results. The current amount of money available in this country for motoring has its definite limitations.

Now I have made a schedule of prices which I think are economically sound and those which in my opinion are not, and I very much regret that in the latter there is a goodly percentage of our motor industry.

This, then, is the position. The present prices, in a large number of cases, cannot be maintained in the future; they must either be increased or grave trouble will follow. As a buyer you may wonder for a moment how this situation can affect you adversely. You have got your really good car at a cheap rate, and you are prepared to live in the present. If this point of view does occur to you, I must earnestly ask you to think again.

If low prices drive the maker of your car out of business it immediately brings down the value of your property considerably. It is a highly specialised machine, with parts which in the course of time need renewal. Probably only the car's original manufacturer can do this, at any rate at a reasonable cost. This is only one instance of the disadvantages which would assail you in the event of a catastrophe such as I have suggested. There is no necessity to detail them further. To sum up, I find the present situation an unhealthy one, alike for the motor industry and the purchaser of certain cars. The more I think of those prices the less I like the outlook for the more immediate future.



"You may criticise my drive, my putting and my approach shots, but, by George, if there's one thing I have got it's form—if I say so myself."



# GET OFF THAT BEATEN TRACK.



## DODGE THE CROWD.

**THROUGHOUT** the main countryside there are scores of celebrated beauty centres in great favour with motorists, but how many motor owners realise that lying "just off the beaten track" there are unlimited spots which possess even greater charm—only one of the attractions being that thereby one misses the multitude?



**H**ERE'S a charming run—one we quite recently discovered. We are always searching for little-known beauty spots for the benefit of readers, and this one, we think, is a surprising trip, so many are the attractive corners.

Here you are: Drive first to Guildford and, turning the bonnet south as you leave that town, proceed by the banks of the Wey to just approaching Woking. Take the road to the right and potter through Busbridge to Witley. "Pretty Witley" is indeed a spot of charm, while the old Witley church (depicted above) has several exclusive attributes—for you, as for us.

"South" is again the order as you re-enter the car—for a pleasant run through Haslemere, Fernhurst, Midhurst,

and, leaving Chichester on the left, a second halt is made at delightful Bosham. Here, strange to say, one arrives with a "Surrey" appetite for a hearty "Sussex" lunch.

The road thence lies due west, through Chichester to Boxgrove, where a very pleasant interval can be spent amid the ruins of old Boxgrove Priory (bottom right hand corner), silent and masterful and set in delightful surroundings.

At this point the journey home is commenced. A trip to remember—up and over hills, down valleys and in and out of the many winding paths—certainly not roads—of Upper Waltham (top, right). And if the reader's car delights in the run as did the little Belsize-Bradshaw that we used, we feel sure that a most enjoyable day is assured.





“THE SAYING THAT BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP—



*MRS. GORDON FOSTER is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington. She married Major Gordon Bentley-Foster in 1919. Lady Pilkington is a daughter of the 4th Earl of Desart. The photograph was taken by Miss Compton Collier.*



—IS BUT A SKIN DEEP SAYING.”



*LADY SINCLAIR and her children. Lady Sinclair is the daughter of Lt.-Col. James Stewart Forbes. She married in 1918 Capt. Sir Archibald Sinclair, 4th Baronet. The charming photograph was taken by Miss Compton Collier at Robin Hood Farm, Kingston Vale*



TO THE SEASONABLE STORMS AND FROSTS OF SUMMER.

# SHALL WE MOVE CHRISTMAS?

By Captain P. A. Barron.

*"Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer"—but, as our contributor points out, it also brings bills and quarter day! Why not move Christmas? he says. And he gives you good, humorous arguments in support of the idea.*

A VERY charming young lady who has not yet reached the age of indiscretion, though she is looking forward to it, wrote to her uncle (me) recently to announce that she had changed her birthday.

She was refreshingly frank. She wrote:—

"DEEREST UNKEL—You know my burthday is on the 22th of Decembur I am writing this to tell you and deer Auntie with my love that I dont want you to send me my presenths that day becource its so near Xmas Ive been thinking you and deer Auntie cant afford two *nice* presenths so cloce like last year you sent one presenth with nappy reterns and merry Xmas written on the box and sent it between the two times thank you unkel deer but will you and Auntie please send only the Xmas presenths this year and I will have my burthday another time so you can save up and it will be more easier for you your loving little neice AGNES.

"p.s. I have not desided when my burthday will be but I will tell you and deer Auntie in time.

X X X X X  
\* \* \*

That was my first reminder of the approaching season of good will, big bills and many ills.

But I feel grateful towards Agnes. I perceive the dawn of financial genius in that youthful mind. I think she will succeed in life. We have all heard of the child who is father of the man, and I fancy, if Agnes becomes a member of some future Parliament composed entirely of women, she will be noted by biographers as the babe who was mother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I am perfectly sure that she would not allow Christmas, the season of gifts, to coincide with Quarter Day, when most people—except, of course, able financiers who receive free board and lodging in public institutions while they write £10,000 worth of re-

miniscences—are thinking of their debts.

No. Agnes would either move Quarter Day, or shunt Christmas into the summer, when the seasonable storms and frosts would make us appreciate Yule logs, and when wassail, even though 30 Under Proof, might thaw us into generosity.

Personally, I should support her Christmas Savings Bill, though I have no doubt that it would be opposed by people of the mental calibre of the lady who said that the Daylight Saving Act had made the mornings so cold that flowers would not flourish in her garden.

There might be Conscientious Objectors who would oppose the moving of Christmas on sentimental grounds, but they would be ignorant people who do not understand that the Gregorian Calendar, Sidereal Time, Dora, and the Early Closing Association have got us into such a devil of a mess that Sundays were once week days, and the Latin-numbered months, September, October, November, and December, instead of being the 7th, 8th, 9th

and 10th, have slipped down into the fag end of the year, so that the 7th is the 9th, and the 10th the 12th.

Why should we have any respect for conventional, human-made time? The only absolutely punctual man I know is a methodical old gentleman who always begins his day with breakfast at precisely eight o'clock, because he sets his timepiece to that hour before he cracks his egg.

I could be punctual for breakfast myself if I had the courage to follow his example, instead of feeling guilty if I come down much after eleven.

I am entirely in sympathy with Agnes, who intends to move her "burthday," and I am writing to tell her that I propose to give Christmas a push into a more convenient month, which hasn't a Quarter Day in it.

From the motorist's point of view, I think November would be a good month for Christmas, so that we could buy our presents at the Motor Exhibition. For example, this year I saw a perfectly fascinating electric cigar-lighter which I should have bought as a Christmas present for my wife, had the time been suitable, and I know that she was longing to give me a little tortoiseshell vanity box to complete the equipment of our small coupé.

As things are now, Christmas is rarely satisfactory. Even the astronomers who have muddled up our calendars have not succeeded in making Shrove Tuesday fall on a Wednesday, or Good Friday on Sunday. Movable feasts and fasts have not been nailed down to dates, like Christmas. This year we are lucky, because Christmas Day falls on Tuesday, so the overworked business man can get away on the previous Friday night, and it will not be worth while to go to the office on Monday. Tuesday will be turkey time, Wednesday Bank Holiday, Thursday the



A methodical old gentleman who always begins his day with breakfast at precisely eight o'clock, because he sets his timepiece to that hour before he cracks his egg.



## MASS-PRODUCED XMAS PUDDINGS AND FACTORY-MADE MINCE PIES.

Day After, and Friday the beginning of the next week-end.

That arrangement should be standardised by law, but, as things are, Christmas Day is just as likely to fall on a Sunday, which makes it difficult for even the busiest man to extend the holiday much over a week.

In the old days, before the introduction of time and labour saving inventions, short Christmas holidays sufficed, but now we cannot utilise our time-saving devices unless we have more leisure. We don't enjoy pantomimes unless we go two or three hundred miles away from them in order to listen in. And what is the use of having fast and economical cars which save us both time and money unless we have longer holidays and travel extensively to justify the original outlay?

Long ago people stayed at home for Christmas, but it is absurd to do so nowadays, when there are little cars which can be run at 1d. per mile. It is far cheaper to travel great distances during the Christmas holidays, calculate what the train fares would have cost, and then spend the profits.

There are people who say that the old-fashioned Christmas of Charles Dickens, of Dingley Dell, bells, holly and folly, are dead. I have even heard preachers bemoaning the "fact" that the old days of peace and goodwill, of family reunions, and simple pleasures are over. They tell us that motor cars, jaunts to the Alps for unhallowed ski-ing, and hectic jinks at hotels, have destroyed all simple joys.

You, and people like ourselves, who know the world as it really is, do not believe pessimists who can only see happiness in the past and never in the present. We know that there was never a time when Christmas was so filled with simple pleasures as it is to-day. That is why we want it to be moved and made longer in order that we may enjoy our advantages.

To-day, we are such lovers of simple pleasures that I have seen a British Judge, now a Peer of the Realm, dress himself up as Father Christmas in an Alpine Hostel and distribute toy balloons and silk-tipped cigarettes to fair and skittish young grandmothers who have been skating and ski-ing all day to get into training for dancing all night.

The real Spirit of Christmas was never properly understood until recent years. The times that have gone are the dull old times when old gentlemen grew drowsy over their wassail, and elderly ladies compounded indigestibles which caused extreme agony to the young.

To-day the festive British family wedges itself into an "Occasional Four," or a "Frequently Five," and enjoys cheap and rapid transit to an hotel in a holiday resort where simple pleasures can really be enjoyed simply, without elaborate and expensive preparations.

There was nothing "simple" about the old-fashioned Christmas at home. When I read of the homely joys of Dingley Dell, I see behind the glamour of Dickensonian sentiment flushed and heated womenkind, mincing, stirring, basting, seasoning, roasting, and hustling the little slaves they called Jane or Mary Ann.

I prefer these days of mass-produced Christmas puddings, and factory-made mince pies, the modern products of die-stamping engineers, no doubt. I admire Mary Ann for desiring to be called Miss Marian, and demanding her share of Christian Holy-days. But, most of all, I admire the modern matron who has learned to motor far from home cares, when Christmastide comes round, who stirs hearts instead of puddings, and makes mincing steps on the dancing floor, instead of mincemeat in the kitchen.

Yes, modern travel has changed Christmas, but it is a change for the better. We are a hardier, happier, and healthier breed than our ancestors. We go to St. Moritz and hurl ourselves headlong down the Cresta Run; we tote a mobile Christmas luncheon up an Alp; we ski to send our circulation up in a temperature that is forty below, and dance all night because we have found the really simple life, free from Christmas home cares.

Those who cannot go to Switzerland may become almost as cold and hardy by joining in the London-Exeter run to enjoy the thrills of driving for a night and a day through rain, floods and fogs. They may seek snow, and possibly find it, at Buxton, or among the crags that are mirrored in the English Lakes, or they may pack up all their troubles in an old golf bag and seek fresh tees and bunkers new.

But, whatever the motorist does, he will not "stodge" or "frowst." Christmas is his chance of finding freedom. All that he desires is that the holiday should be lengthened, or moved from the proximity of Quarter Day.

As almost universal suffrage gives the rent and tax payers such an enormous majority over the rentees and payees, why not shunt Quarter Day as one method of making a merrier Christmas, even at the expense of a sadder New Year?



The old-fashioned Christmas of Charles Dickens, of Dingley Dell, bells, holly and folly are dead.



## MY DEAR UNCLE.

By Owen John Llewellyn.

*He of the fertile pen again discourses on topics variegated in the world of motordom. But isn't it too bad of him just to introduce us to the "open secret" of the Great Scandal in motor politics—and promptly leave off? But truth will out some day—or, at any rate, it generally does. And then?*

**M**Y DEAR UNCLE,—  
Last month everything seemed to be a case of "The Show, the whole Show, and nothing but the Show." This one it ought to be of anything but.

And yet Olympia was interesting, extraordinarily interesting, not only to the engineer and the expert and to the class of man who knows all about cars and yet never had one of his own, but even to the people like you (and most of the kind who read this epistle when you have done with it), who own cars and who seem only to come to the Show to be made jealous. It's always a funny thing to me—quite—why everybody must come to Olympia.

There used to be—nobody knows it better than you, and to a certain limited extent it still persists—a feeling among a certain class that ignorance in matters of horseflesh was an unpardonable crime. I wonder if the mantle of that knowledge is imperceptibly transferring itself to things that concern motors? Certainly it looks like it; wherever one may go you hear motor-shop to the exclusion of lots of other topics that used to monopolise conversation, and, honestly, the man who cannot talk it feels as much out of it as did the poor cockney in the times of dear old Jorrocks, when he found himself in that wonderful man's company. We haven't got quite to the pitch of blushing for a man who cannot discuss the *pros* and *cons* of four-wheel brakes just yet, but you never know; nowadays the safest plan to disguise one's ignorance is to shake your head and remark that it is merely a trade "stunt" for the purpose of getting your money, or that they are not necessary in this country, or that their adoption may lead one into such dangers that entirely outweigh their reputed advantages.

All tommy-rot, really; four-wheel brakes are well worth having; good ones are not in the least dangerous, they needn't get out of order any more than any other part of a car, and with them even the prudent man may

dash out into speeds that hitherto he had held to be almost a crime.

What a proper "bust-up" there has been—and is—in motor political circles. It looks to me as if the folk concerned were only too anxious to display their limitations and to prove the fact that the world in general is quite able to get on without their well-meant and well-advertised aid at all. I hear all sides. I am acquainted with the law—being, by the way, a counsel learned in it, though I have never worn a wig—and at the time of writing I have not made up my mind. But I may, and when I do I shall probably get hit at all round. Therefore, at present I hold my peace, beyond remarking that it is a pity when honest men fall out. I shall not continue the quotation.

I noticed a curious thing about French cars at the Show. It is the fearful, savage, almost Hunlike,

appearance of many of these Gallic invaders, the Renault bonnet looks like a mediæval knight-robber, while the Farman and the Rochet Schneider and the Hispano-Suiza, amongst others, seem more to rejoice in their hugeness and their outline than to appeal by their refinement. All good, all of the best, but somehow just a bit too Wagnerian for this country. In the same dark garage they would almost frighten a ladylike Morris or a gentlemanly Lanchester.

Not that outsides count for much. We can still make as good cars as anybody else, our carriage work is infinitely more comfortable as a rule, and when they race at Brooklands—or even in France—somehow Britishers manage to keep well in view. The little Austin was the revelation of the past year, and don't you forget it; just now the cars that seem to be taking the public fancy are of the new fourteen class. There are plenty of these, and I should like to see a reliability test between the many good ones in which all the world was interested on their stands last month. Also our Dominions, when Mr. Baldwin gets his way we ought to see a wonderful change in many of our manufacturing; though, of course, just now the present thirty-three and a third advantage is as good as anybody can expect. It's the fall in European exchange that is playing the devil with business. France manages to be self-contained with *francs* as low as ever, Germany is a scream in more senses than just one, Italy is a bit of a pantomime, Spain is at present Grand Opera, and all the rest of the poor old unhappy, outworn Continent is one big noisy *extravaganza*. The United States may well look on in holy horror and regard its bulging money-bags with such pride as it may sum up. Yes, it has no publicans, but there were also Pharisees and Levites who figured in the parables that are common to us both. Forgive me being serious, uncle mine; it does not often occur.—Your wondering nephew, CHARLES.



MR. J. H. ADAMS, appointed sales manager to Belsize Motors, Ltd., who has been associated with the company for nearly twenty years.



# THE INDIAN PRINCESSES.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Episode Four—La Sonnambula.

**I**T'S a French proverb (isn't it?) which says, "It is always the first step that costs," or something of the sort.

Well, it may be true—in France, of French girls. But there's nothing French about me except my heels, or sometimes dresses when I can afford them.

You see (you can't help seeing if you've read my confessions), every time I have stepped I've plunged deeper into the morass, but as from the first there was no going back (anyhow, I wouldn't go, or even *look*, back), I had to step on and on, no matter what the cost!

In my comparatively simple days of village vamping in the old home town I did quite a good many things, in the advancement of my career, which things Aunt Emily (for instance) would sooner have died than do when she was young.

I'm not likely to forget my feelings that night when at last Sir John Lacy, Aunt Emily and I got back to the Chateau Lake Louise. No, not if I live to be ninety and then die an old maid!

I don't say "I never once closed my eyes." I did close them, and kept them closed, because otherwise I'd have looked a wreck next day, and that would have made matters worse. I relaxed my muscles, too, since lying awake well is next best to sleeping well, as a beauty recipe. But I thought and thought, till dawn-roses bloomed, without being able to map out a programme.

Speaking of maps, my troubles loomed up more ruggedly before my eyes than the mountainous map of Canada which Jack Lacy was in the habit of studying while he planned our route. I couldn't see far ahead, what to do next; and if some sudden inspiration threw no more light upon my way than the last so-called inspiration had thrown, I was lost.

When in the morning which

followed that sleepless night we left for parts starred in Tulameena's poems (namely, Lake Wapta, Glacier, Field and Emerald Lake), my brain felt like a bread pudding and my heart like a cold boiled potato.

Jack was having the car (which hadn't been made quite right by the clever chauffeur) sent to Hector by rail in the same train we were taking, and later we would use her to go on to Field by a wonderful way discussed long ago with the Princess; Hector being the station for our first night's destination, Camp Wapta.

It was a glorious morning, and after about six miles travelling among eternal snows and fragrant forests we came to a glorious thing—the Great Divide. The train slowed down (though there was no station) to let everyone look out. And there, at the highest peak of Canada's high, rocky roof, was an arch, formed of rustic lettering, which seemed to sound the note, "Now open your thrill-valve!"

"Great Divide" were the words.

Only those two, but what a big, magic meaning! Even I, low in my mind as I was, got their thrill. I could hear a wail of waters, two streams, lovers once, parting here forever, one to find the far Atlantic, the other to lose itself in the Pacific.

This was a sad fancy, suited to my mood, and I should have dwelt morbidly upon it, if I hadn't remembered that the fancy was Tulameena's. She had put it into one of her tiresome old poems, and even then I felt ready to bet it wasn't original. There were the two little sweetheart streams for *anyone* to see, looking for all the world like a watery Y upside down.

"I feel, you know, as if *our* parting were like this—irrevocable and forever," I heard Jack mutter, and my nerves made me jump like a dancing doll pulled by wires.

"Our parting!" I echoed.

"Tulameena's and mine," he explained, as if talking in a dream. And, if you'll believe it, he was calmly expecting me to comfort him.

I proceeded to do so as best I could, because it was my job always to come up to his expectations, but my words did get rather jumbled, as I had been prepared to burst out with, "But we don't need to have a parting if you really want me in your life!"

As we left the high watershed and the Great Divide behind, entering British Columbia, I enlivened the rest of the way to Hector (luckily for me it wasn't far!) brightening the Disconsolate Lover and admiring my own self-control.

Hector was where we went in a motor launch across a beautiful little stretch of water to Camp Wapta, its namesake lake, and still I had no plan of campaign in my mind. Indeed, I seemed to have nothing at all in the said mind except a dull envy of Aunt Emily, who was able to enjoy every moment of the trip, just



"There's nothing French about me except my heels and dresses—when I can afford them."



living in the present, without a worrying thought of what was likely to come next for good or ill.

She chirped her opinion that Wapta was a "gayer looking lake than Louise; not so *secret*, you know, or so pensive." And those dear little chalets which composed the camp! Were not they "too cute for words"? What a place for a honeymoon! Why, it almost made her wish to be a bride and bridegroom herself!

Aunt Emily and I had a chalet together, all our own, and Jack was allotted another not far off. When evening came we lingered after a delicious dinner in the mother chalet, talking over our day, the exquisite walk we had taken, and our lovely excursion on the lake. Then Sir Galahad (whose Grail was his love for Princess Tulameena) escorted us to our night quarters. I should have loved the short walk through the star-silvered dusk alone with him, but it was Aunt Emily whose arm he supported lest she stumble in some grass-covered hollow going down hill. I trotted behind, and my small relative threw crumbs of chat to me over her shoulder.

"What a good thing, dear, that you don't seem to walk in your sleep as you used to do now and then at home!" she exclaimed fervently. "Why, you might step into the lake and drown before Sir John or I could rescue you!"

Privately I thought that, after what had happened at Banff, I wasn't born to be drowned, but that, if I took to somnambulism, it wouldn't be Jack Lacy's fault if I survived. For once, however, he roused himself from dreams of Tulameena to show a semblance of interest in my affairs. He had never before met man or woman who walked in sleep. What did it feel like when you woke up?

By this time we had arrived at the door of our chalet, and Jack paused to hear my story. I had to make it up out of my head, because, as a matter of fact, I had *never* walked in my sleep. I had walked, yes, but never had I been wider awake or better able to take care of myself. The first time was when I'd spent my all for an adorable dance dress and then didn't get an invitation to the dance. There was a man in the case—my first millionaire—and jealousy on the part of a girl. I was determined that *he* should see me in that dress, so about 2 a.m., when the dance was at its height, La Sonnambula, in blue and

silver gauze, floated through the out-of-doors ballroom where it was taking place. The fairy lamps hanging among roses and wistaria were most becoming. There were sensational accounts of the incident in the local papers, and I had to live up to it by a few more sleep-walking episodes on a quieter scale, with less incentive, lest I should be considered a pretender. So far as the admiration of the man was concerned, my act was a brilliant success, but earlier in the evening my jealous hostess had bagged him. The engagement had been announced, and—well, I may as well tell you that the affair sent me eventually to England to fulfil a vow made on the night of the sleep walking. In fact, I should never have scraped acquaintance with Sir John Lacy in a London theatre if it hadn't been for what the giver of that dance caused me to suffer. Perhaps, before you've finished with me, you may hear the rest of that story; but you may be sure that Jack didn't hear anything like it as I explained to him the sensations of a somnambulist aroused.

When he left us I wasn't very conversational with Aunt Emily, and I was glad when we were snugly laid in our twin beds with the lights out. What I was thinking about was this: What a fool I'd been not to remember that somnambulating dodge and try it on Jack before Aunt Emily had queered my pitch by bringing up the subject!

I might have flitted into his chalet in a dream of a dressing gown, with my hair down my back, and then as soon as I'd waked him flitted out again like a will o' the wisp. Naturally, I would let him catch me on the edge of the Lake (after Banff I'd take no more chances in the water!), and then, as he held me against his heart, I would stammer a few words of love before I was fully awake. If that didn't fetch him nothing would!

Oh, the more I thought of it the more perfect seemed the idea! It was maddening that I could make no use of it. But there it *was*! It couldn't be done. Jack was a male Galatea as well as a Galahad—a statue hardly yet awaked to life, yet he had brains, and such a trick, after the conversation we'd just had, would be too crude even for him.

Reflecting on what might have been kept me tossing, consequently I had another night without sleep. In the morning, despite the radiance of earth, sky and water, I felt as if my vitality

had been stepped on and flattened out. Jack's car was at Hector, and ready for action once more. We had a gorgeous day, so far as scenery was concerned, seeing the glories of Kicking Horse Pass, and the splendours of Yoho Valley, beyond. Layers and layers of mountains folded us in and ridged above us, laced with fleecy clouds.

The Kicking Horse River flashed a white mane and tail among dark rocks. White birches stood up straight and slim as the sticks of a broken ivory fan against a black screen of pines.

Emerald Lake could have been given no other name, for never has water been so clear, so green—no, not even the water of Lake Louise. In Louise blue mingles with green, but the water of Emerald is all emerald. I was too weary to do the beauty of the place full justice, for I had had two nights without sleep, but, tired as I was, again I lay wide awake, thinking, nerves on edge, till dawn. Only the balsamic breath of the forests through which we motored next morning to Field saved me from becoming hysterical and wanting to bite Aunt Emily or someone. I drew in a draught like a magical tonic, and by its help kept myself in hand. At Field I was even equal to flirting a little with several picturesque cowboy-like youths in chaps and coats bright as Joseph's coat of many colours. Exhausted though I was, I knew that never had I seen such beautiful, ever-changing scenery as that which grouped gloriously around us on the way to Glacier.

I don't exactly know what it was that simply "got" me as we finished a delirious, uphill drive through a park-like forest of sweet-scented trees, and stood on the hotel verandah facing a view that took away my breath.

It was a homelike, chalet-sort of hotel, that had a modest air of seeming small, though it was really large, with wandering wings and additions, each bit more engaging than the other. And perhaps it was the homelikeness and cosiness which made the view we faced (Sir Donald, king of the Selkirks) more startling in its vast white splendour. There was the glacier mountains hovering like a marble palace in a dream, behind and above a dark screen of magnificent trees.

I would have liked just to hold Jack Lacey's hand tight and be silent. But he didn't want to hold mine, and wasn't even remembering that I had one or two such appendages which had been admired by other men (mostly



THE SPIRIT OF PRINCESS TULAMEENA.

the wrong ones), so there was nothing for me but to press Aunt Emily's fingers, or, rather, to let mine be pressed by hers.

"Why, child, how hot your hand is!" she exclaimed. You must be feverish! And, now I think of it, you haven't looked well all day; hollow-eyed, sort of, and sometimes flushed and sometimes pale."

"I haven't slept much lately," I said. "I feel a little tired."

"You must make up for it to-night," remarked Jack politely.

"I hope so," I wearily replied. "I really don't know what *will* happen if I don't!"

And now I am going to tell of the strange thing that did happen, not because I was unable to sleep but because I slept too soundly.

We arrived far too late to do any sight-seeing that night, except for long gazing at that stupendous white Glory faced by the hotel. Aunt Emily and I had two small but pretty rooms connecting, with a bath between, and Jack's quarters were across the hall. We two women made ourselves as pretty as nature allowed for dinner, and I noticed vaguely as we waited a moment in the corridor for Jack, that there was a door near by, leading out upon a balcony or verandah. My only thought about it at the time was to wonder if they locked it at night, or if it was unnecessary to lock doors in this innocent looking, remote, and altogether adorable spot.

We went to the dining room, and the bright lights dazed me a little. I didn't feel like myself. I had silly thoughts, which is really an unusual thing for me, though that may sound conceited.

"The fashionable colour for waitresses' hair is dark here," I heard myself say, with a babyish giggle. "At Lake Louise the feeling was for gold—like the Iceland poppies. At Banff, if I remember, the smart thing in dining room hair was auburn." The frivolity of this remark probably reached Jack in the midst of some high poetical thought from Tulameena's verses on Glacier, and he shivered slightly. That shiver smote me where I lived! And when I went to bed I cried myself to sleep, regardless of such consequences as red eyelids for the morrow.

Yes, sleep! I went to sleep, or rather I fell into it, as if down a chasm. Then I seemed to dream,

and the dream was so beautiful that I felt, even while I dreamed, that it was worth being born for.

A vision of Tulameena, spiritualised, etherealised, came to me, every inch a princess, in the royal robes of her tribe that she had worn on the stage in London. She gazed at me with her great dark eyes, not eagle bright and a little cynical as I had known them last, but sweet and soft, and very gentle. "Poor little Nancy!" she said in her wonderful, rich voice which people loved and praised, "You have had a hard trial, and you have yielded more than once to temptation. I'm afraid you are not very good; you are far from being an ideal girl, such as John Lacy ought to marry. Perhaps it is best that he does not love you. But who knows? Your love for him is true—the truest thing in your life. You must be punished for the tricks to which you have stooped, but you have stooped for love's sake, and I think if I were your judge I might forgive. However, I am not your judge. There is Another. You have trials before you yet, and I cannot tell with certainty how they will end. All I am allowed to do is to come to you like this and ask one question.

"What is the question?" I heard myself begging to know. And we both spoke almost in whispers, as people speak in dreams.

"It is this," Tulameena answered. "If you had a hope—just a small flicker of hope, like the light of a candle blowing in the night wind—of gaining John Lacy's love by undertaking a dangerous adventure, all alone, with no one to help or comfort if trouble came, what would you do?"

"I would go into the adventure!" I replied without an instant's pause.

"Even if you risked not only physical danger but the danger of being misunderstood in the end?"

"Yes, even then," I persisted.

"But—would you give him up?"

She smiled, and the softness was gone from her face. Again it was slightly cynical and wholly enigmatic. "I came to ask a question, not to answer one," she said. "Goodbye, little Nancy, goodbye. I must leave you, and you must start. It is time."

"Oh, don't go!" I implored. "You haven't told me what to do. I don't know how to start."

"You must find that out for yourself!"

Almost before the last word was spoken she had disappeared. She seemed to melt through the closed door, and I knew that I had to follow. I jumped out of bed, still in the dream (which, strangely enough, I knew to be a dream), slipped on shoes and stockings, and put on a long motor coat over my thin nightgown; then I unlocked the door, through the panels of which Tulameena had miraculously vanished, and stood in the empty corridor. A faint light showed there, a violet spark of electricity in a blue bulb, and easily I found my way to the door I had noticed before dinner. It was bolted, but I slid back the bolt and tiptoed out upon a covered balcony, noiselessly shutting the door behind me. There was no moon, but the sky was very clear with the sharp clearness of night, and it scintillated with stars, like a sequined blue fan moving back and forth in the nervous hand of a woman. I could see the pearl white glacier of Sir Donald shimmering behind the black band of distant trees, and suddenly I knew what my adventures in quest of Sir John Lacy's love was meant to be. I had to try to reach the glacier, where I would meet Someone—or Something—very important to my future.

An exquisite fragrance of flowers



"La Sonnambula in blue and silver."



## THE SENSATIONS OF A SOMNAMBULIST AROUSED.

and forest, the sweet sighs of sleeping Nature, came to me as I stood on the balcony. The soft whispering of leaves to each other lured me on. I wanted to understand what they said. I was sure they were talking about me. I tripped confidently down the steps and found myself on a narrow path, damp and slippery with the night dews. Probably there were signboards showing the way to the glacier, but if so I didn't see them or even need to look for them. I followed the instinct which spoke within me, in a crystal bell-like voice. I had read fairy stories about princes and princesses who ran away from their parents' palaces, and started to reach the end of the world. I felt myself one of those princesses, only this was more like the beginning than the end of the world, the woods seemed so untouched, so virgin. Never had there been such a wonderful light as that which filtered through the meshes of dark leaves, as if through a netting of heavy black lace.

Still, I had to go on, and I pushed through the veil, my face and hair moist, but I was not cold, for the Selkirks gather to themselves a milder climate than the stern Rockies. Sometimes I lost the path and stumbled over rocks covered with rich moss and ferns. Once or twice I fell, but I was never hurt, and always I mounted on and on. I had gone far past the spray-curtain that floated above the Waters Nest, and after a long though never tiresome climb I came face to face with a great white entity—the Glacier!

Then it was as if I must begin to climb a flight of stairs—strange, futurist stairs, leaning crazily this way and that.

"I must get to the top," I thought. "Whoever it is will be waiting for me there."

For the first time I was conscious of cold and of fatigue. But I dragged on, until suddenly I plunged down with that sickening sensation of fear that belongs to falling in dreams. They say that if you didn't wake before you struck bottom in a dream-fall you would die of the mental shock. But this dream was different. I finished the fall, but the shock did not kill. It merely waked me. And there was no physical pain of a blow. I had landed on a soft, cushiony surface. I heard myself give a cry, and the sound of my own voice brought comfort. I wasn't dead or I couldn't scream! But where was I?

The magical light that had been part of the dream was gone. I seemed

to be lying in a deep, dark ice-box with a transparent grey lid. What had happened, and was I asleep still or awake at last?

Many minutes must have passed before I realised the truth, that I had actually done the thing I had more than once pretended to do. Tired out, overstrained, I had walked in my sleep. I had come to the glacier, and I had fallen into a hole. Oh, I was punished for my past sins, for I could not possibly climb out except with help, and I should be frozen to death long before help could reach me here.

I tried to console myself by saying that only a few hours ago I had *wanted* to die, and that books told you freezing was a peaceful, even a pleasant death. I had wandered so far from the hotel and from any human habitation that I was sure it would be useless to scream. Still, I did scream, partly to make myself feel alive and partly in desperation.

"Help, help!" I called, and not even echo answered, for the snow walls of my prison shut my voice in, just as they closed round my body.

"Jack! Jack!" I wailed. "Save me! I love you so! I know you don't love me, but forgive me—have pity! No, you can't hear me. You're asleep far away, dreaming of Tulameena, and you won't come. Goodbye—goodbye forever!"

There was a strange consolation in putting my love for him into words and speaking them out aloud, for I had never done that before. Maybe my spirit-voice would reach his spirit and make it hear, so that I should steal his dream from Tulameena.



"I was even equal to flirting a little with several cowboy-like youths."

I think I prayed a little after that, and I know that I revived and struggled a little now and then, to keep awake and keep warm, though I couldn't escape. But at last came a peaceful sensation of sinking into sleep—deep, deep sleep, the deepest I had ever known.

\* \* \* \*

"Nancy! Nancy! Where are you?" The call of that voice shook me out of my slumber. It was *his* voice—Jack's, and up at the top of the hole where I lay was a flush of dawn, like the glow of fire to warm my freezing limbs.

He looked down at me, and he was not alone. Unbelievably, I saw the faces of other men. They had a rope. Jack himself slid down and knelt beside me.

"Have I died? Is this heaven? And how did you come there? Are you dead too?" I murmured.

"No, it isn't heaven," Jack explained conscientiously as he wound the rope under my arms. "But it nearly was the *other* place for me! You have walked in your sleep again!"

"Again?" I echoed, tempted to confess. But I was too weak. Besides, Jack was talking. He had dreamed that someone standing in the shadow had shaken him awake—someone like Tulameena—and he had had a strong impression that I had called to him.

"Save me!" were the words he seemed to hear. But he hadn't really heard them, of course. And that is the mystery. What *did* wake him? How did the impression reach him of the very words I had uttered in my despair? Was it my love that worked the miracle? Well, I shall never know! The only thing I did know surely then was that he didn't love me. Not even after so nearly losing me out of his life. Not even though he thanked God that he *had* got out of bed, roused Aunt Emily, and made her go to my room, to find it empty.

"I can't be grateful enough that we found you before it was too late," he repeated for the umpteenth time after I was safely back in the hotel, practically recovered, and lying on a lounge in a private sitting room.

"Would you really have cared if I had died?" I breathed, hoping that my sleep-walking excursion really *had* led me to success.

"Of course," he responded warmly. "If I had let you die it would have been like betraying Tulameena's trust."

Hang Tulameena!



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OAKLAND SALOON.



# IN AND ABOUT THE "COUNTY OF THE CROWS."

By Clive Holland.

THE county of Sussex has been often described, and, therefore, in searching for some phrase or sentence which sums up its varied charms and beauties one is confronted by many which appear applicable. It is above all the county of swelling uplands and rolling downs, girdled seaward by chalk cliffs and sandy and shingly beaches. But it is more than this. Behind the bulwark of the lofty Downs are exquisite and wooded dells and vales, and many pleasant towns and old-world villages. Truly, those who know only the Sussex seaboard and the Downs know comparatively little of the "County of the Crows."

One must have a centre from which to start one's search for beauties and exploration of the picturesque. One could scarcely have a better than Brighton, at the doors of whose houses the Channel seas often almost wash, and whose air is such that gives keenness to journeyings and health to the one who journeys.

A delightful run out from the town is to Newhaven, by way of the beautiful coast road. This is generally in excellent condition, and gives the motorist a fine panorama of the sea and of the Downs inland. There are two or three sharp gradients, that up to the fine pile of Roedean School, and that down to pretty little Rottingdean, where Rudyard Kipling went to school as a boy and afterwards lived for some years at "The Elms," near the church. It is worth while, after descending the slope into the little village, to turn up the main street (left) to see the pretty church, in which there is a fine east window, the work and gift of Burne-Jones, where William Black, the novelist, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones lie buried in the churchyard. From Rottingdean to Newhaven the road passes on top of lofty cliffs, with magnificent views of the Downs and vales inland.

The Elizabethan port of Newhaven is alive to-day chiefly because of cross Channel traffic. For many years in the

## SOME SUSSEX MOTOR RUNS.

SUSSEX is a charming county with far more variety in its scenery than of which most people are aware. Behind the South Downs lies a perfect treasure house of beautiful vales, woodlands, quaint and picturesque villages, and historic spots. The motorist who adventures along the pleasant highways and by-ways will find many things of interest and much to intrigue the eye. Historic Lewes; Wilmington's Giant; famous Beachy Head; picturesque Bramber; Arundel; Burwash, Kipling's home; Ditchling Beacon; Lindfield and its Common; old-time Winchelsea; and Ashdown Forest have all their individual charms.

eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it fell into decay. There is not much nowadays to detain one in the little port. The Norman church is worth seeing, however, with its chancel apse at the east of the tower and mellow shingle roof.

One turns to the left through the

town, keeping on the west bank of the River Ouse, to Piddinghoe. The way is along a pleasant valley, with the Downs rising in bold undulations almost on every hand, with here and there patches of woodland breaking their monotony of outline. Piddinghoe (pronounced by natives Pidd'nho) lies at the foot of a hill. It is a pleasant place, which in far-off days was the haunt of pirates and smugglers. There is a saying—

"At Piddinghoe they dig for moonshine.

At Piddinghoe they dig for smoke."

The explanation of the latter line is that they dug, in former times, for tobacco which the smugglers had buried in the fields.

The church has a gilded fish as weather vane, which Kipling has immortalised in his poem "Sussex." The round tower and conical cap are almost unique in the county. The river here is very picturesque, and as one passes on northwards to Southease, crossing *en route* the only bridge over the Ouse between Lewes and Newhaven, to Rodmell, it is through pretty scenery.

Rodmell is a picturesque village, with a beautifully situated church. It contains a Norman baptistery and an early decorated screen, a brass (1433) font, and other notable features. The village inn is noted for the warnings and precepts on its walls, one of which runs—

"Free to sit and free to think,  
Free to pay for what you drink,  
Free to stop an hour or so,  
When uneasy, free to go!"

With so cheery and sensible a welcome, who would not pause at the Inn?

Iford, the next village, is set amid meadows, and thence the road climbs steeply at last into Lewes.

Much might be said of Lewes, both from the historical and picturesque point of



A delightful run out from the town is to Newhaven by way of the beautiful coast road. This gives the motorist a fine panorama of the sea and of the Downs inland.



# PLEASANT TOWNS AND OLD-WORLD VILLAGES.

view, if space permitted. It is the county town of Sussex, historically interesting, pleasantly placed, and quaint with its old-world air which seems almost to resent the bustling life of to-day.

It stands upon the right bank of the Ouse, chiefly on the slope of a chalk hill of the South Downs, and possesses only one real street. The Castle is in the centre of the town, on high ground close to the High Street; the ruins are not extensive, but a massive gateway and gate-house still survive, dating from Edward III's reign. The scene of the Battle of Lewes, at which Simon de Montfort defeated Henry III, is visible from the north-west slopes of the town. Among the "remains" of interest are those of the Cluniac Priory of St. Pancras, near the railway; the old clergy house; old gabled house at top of St. Martin's Lane; the Old Market Tower and its ancient bell "Gabriel"; the Town Hall staircase; the Council Chamber and Mayor's Parlour. The Town Hall stands on the site of the old Star Hotel, near which in 1556 six Protestant martyrs were burned at the stake—a fate ten more suffered in the following year.

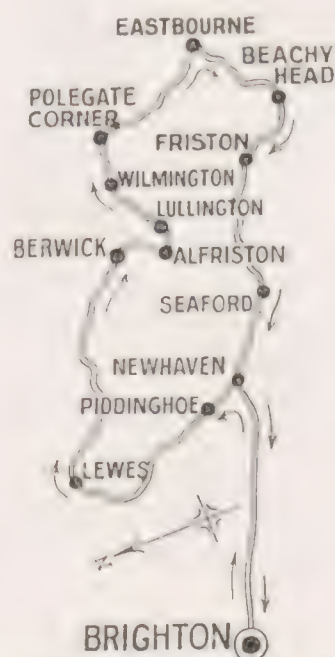
At Southover, just outside the town, one has a fine church, set amid trees, and the beautiful old house in which Anne of Cleves lived for some time.

One now takes the main road—generally excellent and more interesting than many high roads—to Berwick, passing Glynde, with its beautiful cottages, Beddingham, and Selmerton, with its strangely pillared church—a route giving wide prospects and fine stretches of country.

Half a mile farther on, a turning on the right takes one in a couple of miles to Alfriston, with its stately church, the foundations of which, so tradition states, were removed time after time by supernatural means to the site they now occupy. The register is said to be the oldest in England, the first entry dating from

## ROUTE No. 1.

Brighton to Newhaven (4 miles), Lewes (3), Berwick (4½), Wilmington (2½), Eastbourne (3½), Beachy Head (1½), Seaford (3½), back to Brighton (5½), Approximate total—28 miles.



1512. There is a delightful pre-Reformation clergy house hard by. Alfriston main street is a sheer delight

architecturally. Overhanging storeys, quaint gables, timbered fronts, and old roofs give it a peaceful air of antiquity. The Star Inn should be halted at. It is one of the most interesting in the south of England, and dates from the last decade of the fifteenth century. The front is covered with quaint carvings, including a St. George and the Dragon, bear and ragged staff, and what one guesses is a lion. On each side of the door are mitred saints. The inn was said to have been a place of sanctuary in the Middle Ages. Opposite another old inn is the stump of the cross—the only one, except that at Chichester, in the county.

Then our route goes along the main road northward, to Polegate Corner, which in summer-time is almost as busy a place for traffic as Piccadilly Circus, and quite as dangerous. On the right hand, cut in the turf of the chalk down, some three miles from Polegate, is the well-known landmark, the Long Man of Wilmington. It was cut by the monks of the Benedictine Priory which once flourished here, or, as some say, is of even earlier and Druidical origin.

One goes on southward to Eastbourne and passes through it by way of the Meads to Beachy Head.

A pause to take in the incomparable view, and then onwards still by the road skirting the coast to East Dean, with its pretty church set amid the hills, which contains one of the most beautiful monuments in the county, to the Selwyn family.

The road runs fairly straight westward till one crosses the Cuckmere and comes to Flexborough. It then bears a trifle southward, and thus on into Seaford.

There are some slight remains of mediæval times; among them is a fine house, Hardwicke House, in Broad Street, dating from 1603, and at Seaford House Tenynson once resided.

On the road to Newhaven one gets pleasant glimpses of the Downs. Thence back to Brighton by way of Peacehaven and Rottingdean.



On the hillside, cut in the turf some three miles from Polegate, is the well-known landmark, the Long Man of Wilmington. It was cut by the monks of the Benedictine Priory.



ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE COTTAGES IN SUSSEX.



OLD TIMBERED HOUSE, HOUGH-  
TON. Sussex is rich in picturesque old  
cottages, many of which cling to the road  
side, and are both beautiful and interesting.



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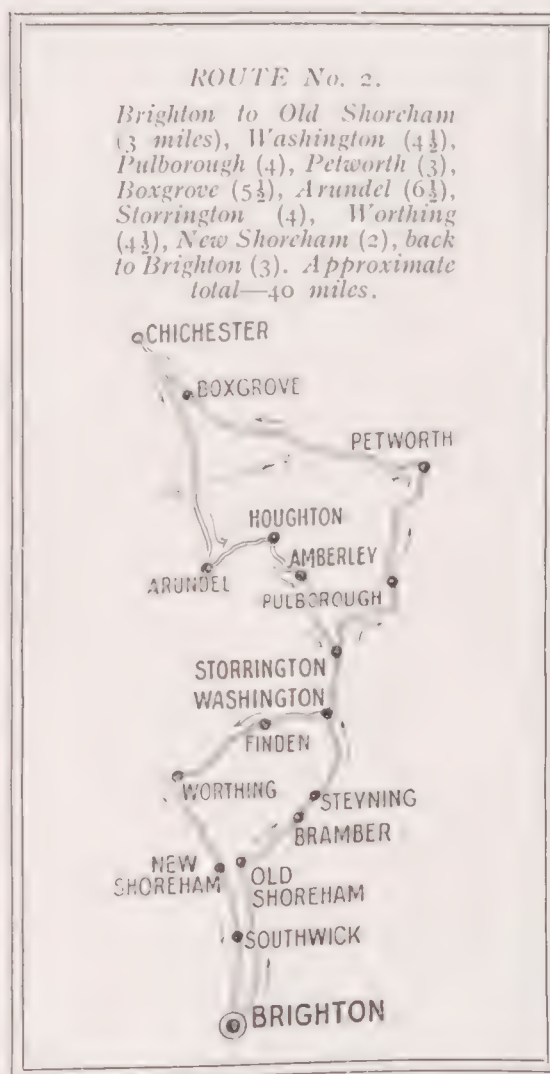
# PICTURESQUE ARUNDEL AND ITS HISTORIC CASTLE.

THERE is much beautiful country to explore westward of Brighton. Once the sea-coast road has been left one comes upon fertile and wooded valleys tucked, as it were, away among the downs, with old-world, quaint, and pretty villages thickly scattered in the hinterland.

Our route this time lies along the King's Road through Hove to Portslade, Southwick and New Shoreham by the coast road; or by the main road through Hove, Portslade, to Old Shoreham. If by the former one turns off to the right when through New Shoreham, just before coming to the Norfolk Suspension Bridge across the River Adur's estuary, and going northward reaches Old Shoreham Church standing near the old wooden bridge crossing the river to Lancing.

The old church of grey stone was built in the eleventh century by the great De Braose on the foundations of a Saxon church, some of whose massive walls were incorporated in the Norman building. The fine pointed screen, and the rich mouldings of the arches and door, and the so-called "leper" window low down near the south-west corner should be noted. It is hard to believe that this village was once a flourishing seaport, and the home of bold and desperate smugglers. Few churches and bridges have been so frequently painted as those of Old Shoreham.

The road now runs along the Adur Valley past the great Portland cement works to Bramber, a very pretty little village, with the ruins of a castle which formerly held the same position and importance for the Valley of the Adur as did those of Lewes and Arundel for the Valleys of the Ouse and Arun. Though possibly on the site of a British fort, the castle is mainly the work of William de Braose in the eleventh century. It was afterwards held by the Mowbrays, and passed into possession of the Howards, and thus into that of the Dukes of Norfolk, by whom it is now owned.



It is thought, though no record is known, that the Parliamentary

forces destroyed it during the Civil War. It is now an inconsiderable though interesting ruin. At Bramber Bridge, where a fight took place during the Civil War, Charles II. had a narrow escape of capture when fleeing to Brighton after the Battle of Worcester.

The church, on the slope below the Castle, is interesting, and has some frescoes. On the way into the village one passes St. Mary's, a beautiful timbered house, with a charming garden, an open iron-work door, and curious bell-pull.

The quaint museum of taxidermy on the left mid-way through the village is worth half an hour's inspection.

It is but a mile of pleasant road to Steyning. The church, in a charming setting of trees, is of great interest. It was built by the French Abbey of Fécamp, to which Edward the Confessor had given the village and lands. The church was evidently never completed, and it ranges in styles from Norman of the early date to sixteenth century. The pier-arches and their very beautiful decorations and the south door are worth notice. The pretty main street, with its quaint and picturesque houses, give no indication that once it was a port with a harbour. There are quite a number of fine old fifteenth century houses, the house with gables and an overhanging upper storey in Church Street having been

built by William Holland to serve as a Grammar School in 1614. The vicarage is an old sixteenth century house, and has two (probably) Saxon crosses in the garden. Here a burning of heretics took place in 1555, and the place was taken by the Parliamentary forces in the Civil War.

The main road may be left for a little while with advantage. Taking the turn to the left at the north end of the village, one reaches Wiston in a mile and a half of ascending road. A turning to the left along a by-road takes the motorist to the foot of Chanctonbury Ring, which, if time allows



*Picturesque Arundel, with its river and bridge, historic castle, air of bustle, and yet somewhat mediæval atmosphere, which is, no doubt, accounted for by the fortress and influence of its noble overlord.*



# SUSSEX AND ITS MANY HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

(say two hours) is well worth ascending on account of the magnificent panorama of land and sea got from its summit, which is 783 feet above sea level.

From Chanctonbury one retraces one's road, and goes westward along that from Steyning until the main road southward to Worthing is struck; one takes this, going northward for three-quarters of a mile till the turning for Storrington is reached. It was here that the famous prize fighter of old, Tom Sayers, was born. The village is a large one, but, though pleasantly situated in open country, with the Downs at hand, need not detain one. At the forked roads one takes that to the right running northward to Pulborough, and one now passes through a very beautiful stretch of Down country, with the winding Arun on one's left. Pulborough stands on Stane Street, and was once a Roman station of importance, many remains of which are constantly being turned up in the surrounding fields and when new foundations are dug. The church is a fine one, largely Perpendicular, but with many traces of Early English. Near the church are the remains of the ancient "Old Place," the age-old seat of the Apsleys.

The road to Petworth crosses the Arun about a mile from Pulborough by Stopham Bridge, a fine mediæval structure, which is one of the finest in the county. Stopham Church contains some good memorials of the seneschals of the Earls of Arundel, and is set amid the trees. Fittleworth is a noted resort of both artists and anglers. It has an Early English church, happily unrestored, but it is the "Swan" for which the village is most noted. Artists and anglers flock to this venerable and rambling hostelry, whose sign bars the way, for the village is set amid beautiful and paintable wooded scenery, and has many quaint bits of architecture. The inn parlour is hung with "works" given by the artists who have eaten, smoked, and perhaps dreamed, in the wainscotted room. A pleasant place at which to stay a time, or merely pause for a meal.

The road trends north-west by Egden and Byworth, with some beautiful cottages, to Petworth, whose spire can be seen afar off. The town has many old-world streets and lanes, very crooked, narrow and picturesque. Motorists will do well to keep a bright look out. Seen from a little distance

one is struck with the fine grouping of the roofs. The church has been largely rebuilt, but in the chantry lie buried some of the Percy family, among them the ninth earl, who was concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. Saddler's Row must not be missed, a charming group of high-peaked gables and roofs, nor should the Almshouses be overlooked. Petworth, with its Park, the seat of Lord Leconfield, has been often described. It is open to sightseers several days in the week, and the house is worth seeing. The Picture Gallery and the pictures at Petworth are world famous.

The road to Chichester lies south-west, by way of Duncton and Boxgrove. It is a delightful road, with beautiful views on almost every hand. It is hilly country, and Duncton Beacon, directly south of Lavington, attains the height of 837 feet, and is the highest point in the Downs. Up Waltham has a little Early English church, and hard by there is a beautiful combe opening out to the south-west, where tradition says Alfred met Asser. Boxgrove has the distinction of possessing in the Priory Church of St. Mary and St. Blais the finest ecclesiastical building in the county with the exception of the Cathedral, Chichester. The choir and transepts are two of the

most beautiful examples of Early English work in the kingdom.

In Chichester one should visit the Cathedral, which, with the exception of Liverpool, is the only English cathedral visible from the sea. It dates in part from 1114, and the fine, though modern, spire and beautiful Early English west porch are two of its notable exterior features. The Cathedral surroundings are picturesque, and the Cross, built in 1500 by Bishop Story, is a fine example of its kind.

Our road back to Brighton is the high road, a straight undulating stretch. Picturesque Arundel, with its river, historic castle, air of bustle, and yet somewhat mediæval atmosphere, on account of the overshadowing by its fortress and influence of its noble overlord, lies along it.

One passes through several pretty villages after setting out along the road northward to Houghton, from whose bridge over the Arun one obtains a very beautiful retrospect of the valley towards Arundel, with the hills shutting in the river. Amberley has a delightful sound, and lies a mile farther along the road. The village stands on a low hill above the water meadows of the Arun. It is noted for the picturesque ruins of the palace of the Chichester bishops, Amberley Castle. It was built in the reign of Richard II., and the present house, which stands within the walls, in the early sixteenth century. Izaak Walton wrote enthusiastically of Amberley trout. The road to Storrington lies past Parham House and Park, the seat of Lord Zouche.

One passes Sandgate Park, and, coming to the main road to Worthing, turns southward to Washington, with its inn immortalised by Hilaire Belloc in verse, who praises its beer; and its local tradition of hidden Saxon treasure, to which colour was given in 1866 by the unearthing on Chancton Farm of an urn containing three thousand coins of the Saxon kings. Southward still to Findon, noted for its racing stables and quaint church. Then at Broadwater one turns sharply eastward and follows the homeward road through Sompting, famous for its beautiful little church, set amid elms. The gabled spire is almost unique in England. Then Lancing, with its rebuilt inn, the "Sussex Pad," on the site of a famous smuggling inn; Old Shoreham, Portslade, and by the shore road back to Brighton.



*A charming doorway amidst the old and interesting ruins of Cowdray Castle, near Midhurst—well worth a visit by motorists passing through this district.*



# MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER HILL AND DALE.

OUR route lies along the Brighton-Lewes road, through the little village of Falmer. Through Lewes and over the switch-back bridge and river, and one comes to the road for Uckfield on the left and running north. It is a pleasant way, with peeps of the Iron River on the left hand and several picturesque villages ere Uckfield is reached. Isfield, with the remains of Isfield Place, was once the home of the Shurleys, and the chapel is one of the most delightful spots in Sussex. There are monuments and brasses to the family, and the canopied altar tomb of Sir John Shurley, 1631, should be noted. The children depicted kneeling in a row at the foot, we are told quaintly in an inscription, "were called into Heaven and the others into several marriages of good quality."

Uckfield is a picturesque place, with the old and new welded into the present-day town, which need not detain one. The old stone house in front of the "King's Head" used to be the lock-up. The "Maiden's Head" is a good and pleasant inn.

The country round about is delightful, with beautiful landscapes of woods and meadows, cornfields and the brown ridges of the heathy hills which remind one of those round about Hindhead. At Uckfield one enters the rock district, and there are fine sandstone cliffs hereabouts. A little more than a mile takes one to Ringles Cross, where the Maresfield road forks to the left. The little town has a small decorated church, with a Norman window in the nave, but not much else of interest. Formerly it was the centre of the "Black Country," when iron foundries were scattered thickly about this part of Sussex. In many local names, such as "The Foundry," the "Iron River" and "The Forge," one has left memories of this period, which reached its height of industrial activity about the third quarter of the seventeenth century. The last of the furnaces was shut down in 1828. It is difficult as one stands on the hills surrounding Crowborough Beacon, or in some forest glen, to realise that once this quiet, restful, and in a measure lonely part of the country was the iron mart of England. Cannon were once cast where there is now the silent stretch of woodland, and at Buxted, a mile or two eastward, lived in an old house

## ROUTE No. 3.

Brighton to Falmer. (2½ miles), Lewes (1½), Uckfield (4½), Crowborough Beacon (3½), Hadlow Down (4½), Burwash (4½), Bodiam (4), Winchelsea (6), Battle (6½), Pevensey (5½), Lewes (9), back to Brighton (3½). Approximate total—55 miles.



An ancient and quaint Sussex iron milestone to be found on the roadside at Maresfield—forty-one miles from Bow Bells.

at the end of a path leading to the church one Ralph Hogge, who is said to have been the man that cast the first metal cannon in England in 1543.

One runs out to Crowborough Beacon, which is one of the great Sussex eminences set towards the east of beautiful Ashdown Forest. The road to Maresfield is one of magnificent views over hill and dale, and though the district of Crowborough has been much spoiled by the building of many villas, the panorama from the Beacon is still worth coming many miles to see on a fine day.

Back to Maresfield, getting by the reversal of one's view-point some beautiful prospects. One turns to the left at Coppers Green, and takes the ascending road running eastward, and then on through lonely country to Hadlow Down. One is now in the district, before referred to, where once there was the roar of iron furnaces and the clang of the forges.

The road now turns sharply northward for a couple of miles, and then north-eastward to Mayfield, which stands on a hill on the verge of the Sussex hot hop area, of which Burwash is the centre. It is a delightful old village, very rich in old gabled and timbered houses. Coventry Patmore, the poet, said it possessed the sweetest village street in Sussex, and those who know the county well will be inclined to agree with him. The half-timbered "Middle House," dated 1575, is a most charming and picturesque survival from an age when every village possessed at least some beautiful houses.

There is a fine perpendicular church dedicated to St. Dunstan, and built on the site of the church erected by the saint, whose legend of his conflict with the devil is connected with the village. It has a raised chancel, with the roof composed of a former gallery. The choir stalls, screen, curious east window, and font should be noted; also the beautiful view from the churchyard. The old Palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury is now a convent, in the dining hall of which are preserved the hammer, tongs and anvil of St. Dunstan. The saint's well is in the garden.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Mayfield is somewhat Devonian in character, very beautiful and varied. One has to go back through the village nearly to the station, where the road runs on the left southward to Tower



## BURWASH, AND ITS NOTED HAUNTS OF SMUGGLERS.

Street Station. Here we once more get on the main road to Burwash, running to the left eastward, undulating and interesting in character.

Lots of romance hangs about Burwash, for in ancient days it was a noted haunt of smugglers, and now is the home of Rudyard Kipling, who lives in a charming old house with fine oak-panelled rooms, called "Batemans," set in a wooded valley. Over the doorway is the date stone—1634. His living in Sussex, at Rottingdean, first, has produced many stories into which the scenery of Sussex is woven, and a poem upon the county of his adoption is of the stuff of which imperishable verse is made. The church at Burwash is picturesquely situated amid trees, and has an early Norman tower, and a chancel which dates from the thirteenth century.

"The Bell," which stands opposite the church, should be visited. It is referred to in Kipling's "Hal o' the Draft." The rooms have the very odour as well as appearance of antiquity, and the fine old oak ceiling beams add to the impression of age. The house is certainly three centuries old, and the landlady is proud of the fact that it has been "in the family a century." One can get excellent Lamberhurst beer at the little low-ceiled bar, and the open chimney and spacious fireplace give a comfortable air to the smoking-room, on whose hearth in winter a pile of beech logs is generally cheerfully blazing.

The road goes now north-eastwards to Etchingham, the church of which is famous for its windows with their rich flamboyant tracery; staircase turret and massive square tower. The brasses of the Etchingshams of the past are noted. Our way goes on through the village and for two miles, until the main road to Hastings is reached. This is followed southwards to Silver Hill, thence along a by-road we go eastward past Bodiam to Ewhurst. Bodiam Castle stands serenely surrounded by its moat, looking as though its

history might have been exciting (which authorities say has not been the case), and defying time with its massive grey lichen-stained towers. It was founded by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who fought at Cressy and Poitiers. It is now a mere shell; though its exterior is well preserved, the interior is in ruins. Ewhurst has little of interest save its pleasant situation.

The road now turns southward to Cripp's Corner, from whence it runs through pretty country to Udimore, whose church has a legend of the supernatural connected with it. Brede Place, a delightful fifteenth-sixteenth century house, lies off the main road, and is reached by a road running southward at Broad Oak. It is worth a diversion if time permits.

The main road can be rejoined, and Winchelsea is the next place of note. It is a decayed but interesting old town, laid out on so definite a plan that one wonders whether "town planning" was an art known to its builders. It stands on the top of a steep hill, and here, under an ash tree in the churchyard, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. The sea, which once made Winchelsea a great and prosperous port, long ago deserted it. The town gates, some of the fourteenth century, are the principal objects of interest. The cottage with the sloping mossy roof adjoining

Strand Gate was once the home of Ellen Terry.

The high road runs westward to Ore, with pleasant views over the marshes. A turn to the right should be taken for Battle, the by-road running into the main road at Beaufort. Battle Abbey, with its fine gateway, stands half a mile north of the battlefield where the destinies of England were settled on October 14th, 1066, on Telham Hill. The traditional site where Harold died was that of the high altar of the Abbey. Mount Street, Battle, is not without a quaint picturesqueness.

The way back to Brighton takes us through Catsfield; Ninfield, a clean-looking place on a hill above Pevensey Bay, with iron stocks by the roadside; Boreham Street, where the road turns southward to Hurstmonceaux. The castle, which lies in a hollow, is well worth seeing. It was built in the reign of Henry VI by Sir Roger de Fiennes. Once it was one of the greatest fortified dwellings in England. It is now a ruin, and in a recessed chamber behind the central arch of the drawbridge a ghostly drum is said to be heard sometimes playing, the supernatural drummer being set to guard buried treasure. The church is of great interest, and contains interesting brasses. Near it stands a fine fourteenth-century barn. The road southward to Pevensey is a good one, with

fine views. Pevensey Castle is soon seen as it rises from the flats, the only considerable height for miles around. It is an imposing and romantic-looking ruin, once washed and surrounded by the sea. The castle stood many sieges, and witnessed much fighting. Now the village joins Westham, a pretty village to the westward, with a fine church, which was one of the first the Conqueror built, and portions of his original church are still serviceable.

The road lies straight to Polegate Corner, thence the high road takes us westward to Lewes, and so back to Brighton.

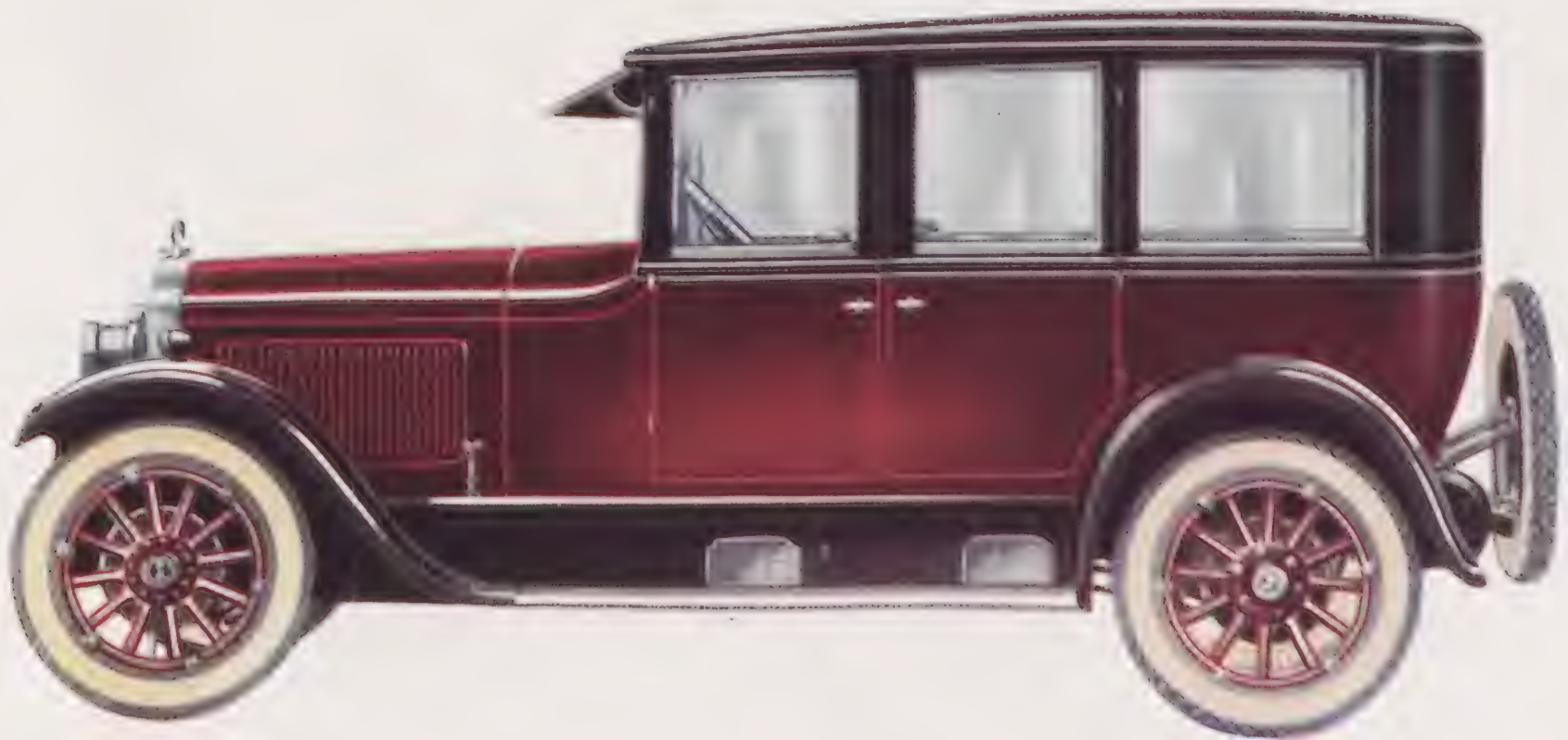


*Bodiam Castle stands serenely surrounded by its moat, looking as though its history might have been an exciting one—but authorities state this is not the case.*



ONCE THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER.

*AMBERLEY CASTLE is one of the several mediæval strongholds in Sussex. Built in the reign of Richard II., it was once the palace of the Bishops of Chichester.*



BUICK 6-CYL. STANDARD SALOON.



CHAILEY MILL—A NOTED SUSSEX LANDMARK.



*CHAILEY MILL. In "the County of the Crows" there are many old windmills; that at Chailey is a noted landmark for miles around.*



CHEVROLET STANDARD SALOON.



# DITCHLING BEACON AND ITS ROMAN REMAINS.

**T**HIS time one gets away out of Brighton along the London road to Piecomb, where we leave the main road, bending to the right for Ditchling, reached by way of Clayton. Ditchling is pleasantly situated on high land, where once Alfred the Great had a manor, with Ditchling Beacon hard by, one of the most striking of Sussex hills and disputing supremacy for height with Duncton. Here the Romans undoubtedly had an important camp, and one may reach the village in one direction by a half-subterranean way that the Romans dug.

The thirteenth century church is a very interesting specimen of Early English architecture, and is well worth visiting. On the pleasant common stands a stake known as Jacob's Post. It is the remains of a gibbet from which was suspended the body of a Jew pedlar who had been guilty in 1734 of murdering three persons at an inn on the common and robbery. He was hanged at Horsham, but his body was afterwards brought to Ditchling to serve as a warning to evil-doers. There is an old belief that a piece of the gibbet (now protected) carried in the pocket is a preventive from toothache! In the village are several old timbered houses, one said to have been inhabited by Anne of Cleves.

The road, through pretty country, runs north to Wivelsfield and Jeffery's Green to Hayward's Heath. It is too new a town to be picturesque, and there is no need to linger. One is tempted to go by the road branching to the left, north-westward to Cuckfield, and then across country to Lindfield.

We are in the midst of very interesting country, and the village, with its two coaching inns and many signs of the more leisurely days gone by, is a pleasant place. The church stands high on a ridge to the south of the town, with its spire serving as a landmark for miles around. Cuckfield Place is described by Harrison Ainsworth in his *Rookwood*. It was in the avenue leading to

## ROUTE No. 4.

Brighton to Piecomb (3 miles), Haywards Heath (4½), Ardingley (3), Copthorne Corner (3), Forest Row (3½), West Hoathly (3), Crawley (5), Piecomb (7½), back to Brighton (3). Approximate total—35½ miles.



the entrance gates that the tree stood from which (the story goes) a branch

always fell, presaging the death of one of the family.

From Borde Hill, north-east of Cuckfield, came the original Merry Andrew, who was priest, doctor and satirist from 1490-1549. A quaint and ungallant reflection on the ladies was written by a descendant in a book given him by a friend. It runs—

“Quoth Boord, with stars the skies abound,  
With fish the flowing waters:  
But far more numerous I have found  
The tricks of Eve's fair daughters.”

Lindfield is noted for its common, on which large flocks of geese are generally to be seen. The wide, straggling street, containing some good specimens of old houses, rises in a gentle slope to the beautiful Early English church, which has a slender shingled spire. Just beyond the church is a most beautiful timbered house, which, after being allowed by its occupant, a farmer, some years ago, to fall into a state approaching decay, has been most sympathetically and admirably restored.

One goes northward again, along a winding road and through delightful scenery, to Ardingley, now chiefly known as the home of a college, which stands a mile or so south of the village. The latter is chiefly famous as the birthplace of Thomas Box, who was the first of the great wicket-keepers who “took the ball without gloves”

even when facing the fastest bowling of his day. The church is interesting, and contains some fine brasses of the Wakehursts and Culpepers, who were long owners of the old Elizabethan mansion, Wakehurst Place, which lies to the north of the village. An ancestor of these Culpepers was the author of the famous *Herbal*. One of the brasses depicts one Nicholas Culpeper, his wife, ten sons, and eight daughters. The handsome canopied tomb of an unknown should also be noted.

The road runs northward, through some charming country, through Turner's Hill,



A picturesque corner of Lindfield, which is full of charming old houses and old-world interest. Lindfield Church spire serves as a landmark for miles around.



## WHERE MEN & WOMEN WERE BURNED AT THE STAKE.

across Crawley Down to the famous Copthorne Corner, passing on the way Selsfield Common and Great Wild Goose Wood on the right; the latter reminiscent of the days when wild goose fell to the sportsman's bag. The road forking to the right should be taken, which leads into the Eastbourne main road, a little below Felbridge.

East Grinstead, which lies only a mile or two from the Kentish border, is reached by a short piece of switch-back road. It is a straggling, picturesque and pleasant town, with an old-world atmosphere, and a number of ancient houses here and there set in amid modern business premises. One or two of the most ancient and picturesque were rescued but a few years ago from destruction by a member of the Hanbury family, whose home is at Brockhurst, hard by, where there is a famous rock garden, probably the best and most complete in its specimens in the south of England. During the renovations to one of the houses a date was discovered, under the whitewash which had encrusted the fireplace, which showed that the charming old timbered house had stood, overlooking a delightful dell and a wide stretch of open country at the back, from Armada times.

East Grinstead Church is of imposing exterior, but upon closer acquaintance is disappointing. It dates only from 1790, but there is an iron tomb slab more than two centuries older.

The most interesting and delightful building in the town is the Jacobean gabled and creeper-clad Sackville College, which stands only a little distance from the church. The quadrangle is charming in its old-world beauty and peacefulness. The College gives shelter in the evening of their days to five brethren, six sisters, a warden and two assistants. East Grinstead, with Lewes and other Sussex towns, had its martyrs, and on July 18th, 1556, two men and a woman were burned at the stake.

Our way lies southward, along the East-

bourne main road. Midway between East Grinstead and Forest Row, under a hill and near the railway line on the right, stand the remains of Brambletye House, once one of the great houses of Sussex. It figures in Horace Smith's long-forgotten romance bearing its name, which was compared by one writer to one of the Waverley novels. The hillslopes hereabouts were once the sites of many hunting lodges of the great lords who chased the deer in Ashdown Forest. There are fine views along this undulating road, especially over the Forest Ridge. We are now in the district of sandy soil and wide stretches of bracken and dark heather.

At the Roebuck Inn one takes the road sharp to the right for West Hoathly. It is worth while, if time allows, to take the southern road at Tyes Cross down to Horstead Keynes, a pretty village with a charming church, which from its position is in great contrast to the upstanding spire of that of West Hoathly on the hill. In the church is a rather notable figure of a recumbent knight in armour, possibly a member of the Keynes family, who gave their name to the village.

The run back to West Hoathly is but a few miles, the left fork of the road being taken at Cinder Hill. The church at West Hoathly (pronounced "West Ho-ly"), standing on a hill, has a slender shingled spire visible for long distances, which an ugly clock-face

spoils. There are several curious iron tombstones dating from the "furnace" age in Sussex, and opposite the church is an ancient building of interest. We are again in the rock district, of which Tunbridge Wells is the centre. West Hoathly possesses a rival to the famous Toad Rock of the former place in "Big-on-Little," which stands on the Rockhurst Estate, between Turner's Hill and Lindfield.

The road back to Brighton lies northward to Copthorne Corner, thence westward to Crawley, which, beyond its almost uniquely complete Saxon church, and the fact that it lies halfway between London and Brighton, has little for which to cause one to pause. Features in the church to note are the band of stones supported by pillars running round it, the curious double font, the ancient pulpit dating from 1577, and the old lych-gate. There is also, on the north side of the building, a "Devil's Door," through which the exorcised spirit was supposed to pass out at the sacrament of baptism.

Now, on the Brighton road, one gets over its surface as speedily as possible. There is little of interest, but at Slaugham one may well pause to see the ruins of a famous manor house, set in a beautiful old-world garden, with fragments of the house, including the immense kitchen fireplace and pillars of the entrance still standing.

Bolney Common is delightful, and the church is worth a pause, as it has some interesting Saxon and Norman features. The South Door, covered by a wooden porch of eighteenth century work, should be noted.

Brighton once again reached, the motorist, who has followed the routes of which we have been able to give details, will have learned not a little of the county, and passed through much varied and beautiful scenery. There is a charm about Sussex that many have felt, and of which numbers have written. Perhaps some of it will have captured the readers of these pages who have motored along its highways and byways.



*One of the many beautiful half-timbered buildings to be found in East Grinstead. In this town, in July, 1556, two men and a woman were burned at the stake.*



RARE SPECIMENS OF HALF-TIMBERED HOUSES.



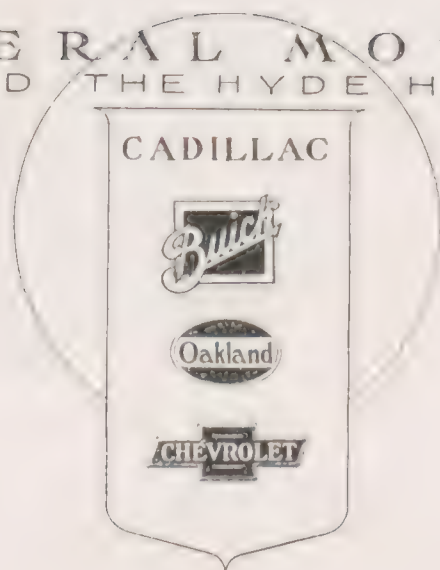
INDFIELD. In the wide, straggling street stand several old timbered houses, of which this is a charming and beautiful specimen well worth noting.



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BY FAR THE MOST DEMOCRATIC SHOW WE HAVE SEEN.

# AFTER-THOUGHTS ON OLYMPIA.

## *And the General Tendency of Design.*

**I**N the dazzle of Olympia it is difficult to see clearly the direction in which the modern motor car is progressing. There is so much to see, so many small details to consider, that it is only when we have time to sort out many impressions that we are able to obtain a general view of the tendencies of design.

Those who have thought quietly over all they have seen are now able to realise that the Motor Exhibition of 1923 was a very important one in the history of the industry.

There are people who said at the time that there was very little of interest except the startling reductions of prices. They must have been very superficial observers, and perhaps their second thoughts more nearly approached the truth than their first. Actually, the "Show" was one of the most interesting ever held.

Certainly, the new prices were extraordinarily attractive, but the pessimistic prophets who talked of the disastrous effects of "cutting" made very bad mistakes. It is true that the very low prices of the cheaper cars made the Exhibition by far the most democratic one we have seen. There were days when, as one looked at the jostling crowds, it became obvious that a very large number belonged to the class of sporting enthusiasts who in the past have been (or have not been) contented with motor-cycles. Thousands of these were comparing the cheaper cars with side-cars, and could be heard discussing comparative prices and running costs.

There are misguided people who do not welcome many thousands of these recruits to the ranks of motor-owners. They talk of roads being overcrowded already, which is absurd when we think of many districts in the United States of America. Wiser people recognise that as the number of cars increases, so in direct ratio shall we obtain better and safer roads and more adequate control. Only in comparatively recent times have we considered seriously the problems of

widening, straightening, cutting hedges at "blind" corners and bends, and providing detours about towns which were formerly funnels which impeded through traffic.

The good work will surely be speeded up as cars increase.

We welcome a new class of car owners, because, like many other motorists, we would much prefer to see the roads thronged with silent little four-wheeled cars than with the comparatively noisy, makeshift side-car machines which so many of us have disliked in the past.

The small car is, we think, doing very good work when it replaces noisier and less sightly vehicles. We welcome very heartily to the ranks of motor car manufacturers such firms as the Triumph, Matchless, and Clyno companies, who, famous in the motor-cycling world, have seen the trend of development, and are now producing excellent small cars. From the national point of view we are very pleased to see firms which have previously made motor-cycles and side-cars devote their energies to the production of small cars, because we think they will help to develop Overseas trade. The side-car has never been very popular outside Great Britain, and it was a poor substitute to offer motorists of the Dominions to take the place of even cheaper four-wheeled vehicles made in countries outside the Empire.

We believe that more and more of the big and well equipped motor-cycle factories of Great Britain will enter the light car market, and this is a tendency which we most certainly approve.

So much for the astonishing development of the light car movement. Let us glance at the other end of the scale, where we find the best and most expensive cars produced in the world to-day. Here we do not find any very noticeable tendency to reduce prices. Rather, it seems, that the few famous firms which specialise in the highest branch of motor engineering are

proud of their reputations for making the most expensive cars, and prefer to add still further refinements, rather than follow the less dignified course of manufacturers who cater for the masses.

Probably that policy is entirely sound. There will always be a market for the best possible products, just as there is for certain precious stones so long as they remain comparatively rare.

But we do notice a very decided tendency towards the production of lower powered cars bearing very famous names. For example, last year we saw the introduction of the 20 h.p. Rolls Royce, and this year we have been given the 21 h.p. Lanchester, which, though still among the most refined and expensive cars in its class, costs very little more than half the price of the 40 h.p. model.

The beautiful ivory-white Lanchester of 21 h.p. was certainly one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition. Unfortunately, the 20 h.p. Rolls Royce was not shown, to the disappointment of many keen connoisseurs, some of whom were saying that, though they had heard so much discussion about this model, they had not yet seen one. That is a remark, by the way, which we have heard frequently. The truth is, of course, that the 20 h.p. Rolls Royce is to be seen very frequently to-day, but many people have not yet learned to distinguish it from its big brother. Experts would, but the average motorist, unless he saw the two models side by side, when the difference of size would be apparent, might fail to notice the distinction.

Between the two extremes, the very low priced light car and the most expensive high-powered cars, there is an astonishing range and a general reduction of prices. In many cases the lower prices would be remarkable even if the models were exactly the same as those of last year; but when it is considered that new refinements and more complete equipment have



CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS IN EVERY BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRY.

been added, the present-day value for money is enormously higher than it has ever been before.

There is undoubtedly a tendency to destroy what was once a sharp dividing line between the "light cars" and the larger models. Famous firms which a few years ago produced only medium-powered cars have a strong tendency to introduce models of lower horsepower, and a goodly proportion of "light car" manufacturers show an inclination to increase engine capacity in order to cater for the ever-growing demand for "Occasional Fours" or "Chummy" bodies. Thus we find an extremely important range of models rated between 11.9 and 13.9 h.p. These cannot be placed definitely in any of the old classes, but they have established themselves so firmly that they are becoming the most popular British cars on the road.

There is no dividing price line between big and little cars. Some small "tens" cost more than certain six-cylinder "twenty-thirty" models. In fact, all the artificial divisions into well marked classes seem to have broken down.

If there is one more notable tendency than any other this year, it is the development of comparatively low-powered four-seaters, and "Chummies," which seem likely to supersede the two-seater-and-dickey models. Probably, the sporting two-seater (without dickey) and, of course, the coupé, will always be popular, but makers are realising that the dickey is a somewhat unsatisfactory makeshift, and that since the introduction of all-weather equipment, now almost universally fitted as standard, the dickey seat is becoming obsolete. Women are a more important factor in the setting of motor car fashions than they were a few years ago, and they have voted for the small four-seaters which provide protection against the weather for extra passengers. Many manufacturers charge no more for four-seaters than for the two-seater - and - dickey models, for they have found it quite possible

to design a body with four comfortable seats to sell at the same price as one which has comfortable accommodation for two only, and cramped and unprotected seats for extra passengers. Some manufacturers have found that a simply designed four-seater body may be *lighter* than the dickey model.

In the bodywork section there was a very noticeable tendency to show entirely enclosed cars, ranging from small coupés to the most luxurious saloons. In spite of the fact that all-weather equipment converts an open car into a closed one, when required, there seems to be an ever growing demand for the permanently closed types. The influence of the owner-driver is very obvious, for the foretime fashion of entirely separating the driver from the passengers, and of placing him outside in the cold, is certainly passing.

The bodywork branch of the industry has made notable progress. The modern closed car is not only beautiful within and without, but has little refinements in what we may call the mechanical details of bodywork. Windows that can be opened or closed without effort, and which cannot possibly rattle; doors which close silently and have ingenious arrangements of catches and locks by means of which a four-door car can be made thief-proof by turning one key; seats which can be tilted to any desired angle; drivers' seats which can be adjusted to suit a lengthy-limbed six-

foot-two pilot as comfortably as one of five-foot-nothing; additional seats, sometimes entirely concealed when not required; folding tables for luncheons and teas; all these refinements are more common this year than they have ever been before.

So much has been written in *THE MOTOR-OWNER* on the subject of four-wheel brakes that we do not propose to deal here with by far the most important mechanical development of the year. Our readers know that we have championed the modern braking systems, but, although they were prepared to see many cars with front-wheel brakes at the Exhibition, many of them may have been surprised to learn that rather more than thirty per cent. of the vehicles shown at Olympia were so equipped.

Another tendency which may have surprised many was the slight but quite perceptible increase in the popularity of wire wheels. Many people seem to think that the disc wheel has rendered all other types obsolete, but the fact is that on the cars shown at Olympia the wire wheel was the most popular, closely followed by the steel artillery type. Makers of cars of the highest quality remain true to their old friend, and these make the proportion of wire-wheeled vehicles high. Of course, on the road disc wheels predominate, because they are fitted almost universally to the lower priced, and therefore more numerous, vehicles.

Many people expressed disappointment because they did not see a larger number of cars fitted with balloon tyres, about which they had heard so much. They could inspect them among the tyre exhibits, but many wished to see if these big tyres looked clumsy when fitted. Those who examined the few models staged with "comfort tyres" seemed to agree that they are by no means unsightly.

On the whole, the Exhibition was an extremely interesting one, and considerable progress was evident in every branch of the industry.



*IN our last issue the above photograph was incorrectly captioned "A 24/30 h.p. Sunbeam Limousine model," whereas it should have read "the 20 h.p. Wolseley Saloon Limousine," a beautiful Wolseley model which at the recent Motor Exhibition attracted very favourable attention—a goodly number of orders having been placed.*



THE "LITTLE SEASON" IS NOW IN FULL SWING.





# BUNYAN IN BEDFORDSHIRE.

By V. Cameron Turnbull.

*The associations of Bunyan with Bedford and Elstow are numerous and very interesting. At the latter place he was born and married, and at the former he ministered, was imprisoned, and became one of the greatest of English writers.*

THE town of Bedford, easily reached in a two-hours' run from London, is associated with two great men—John Howard and John Bunyan. A statue in the market place commemorates the great prison-reforming philanthropist; a Congregational church is named after him, and in the same street stands the delightful old house in which he intermittently resided. Far more numerous and intimate, however, are the traces in Bedford and its neighbourhood of an incomparably greater figure—that of the inspired dreamer, the immortal tinker, the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

To get our Bunyan associations in their chronological order, we must run through Bedford, over the Ouse (into which the great man once fell while boating) and southward for about a mile into the little village of Elstow. It is an old-world spot, not greatly altered since Bunyan's time; but it provides accommodation for motorists, so the car is left and sauntering begins.

The prime object of his quest meets the visitor almost at the entrance of the village. Never, surely, was humbler shrine of world-wide fame! Bunyan's cottage is a tiny detached building to the right of the road from Bedford. It has not escaped the modern touch. Two little diamond-paned windows with primitive single shutters on the ground floor, and two little dormer windows just above them, probably date from Bunyan's time; but the old thatch has been replaced by tiles and the house, in common with several others in the village, has been refronted with rubble. An inscription over the door runs thus:—"John Bunyan was born in this parish in 1628, not

far from this spot, and lived in this cottage after his marriage in 1649." The place of his birth was a cottage at Harrowden, a hamlet lying one mile east of Elstow. This cottage, owned by the family through generations of increasing poverty, stood in the fields somewhere between two brooks; but its very site is now unknown. Here John learned his father's trade of tinkering; from here he was possibly sent daily to Bedford Grammar School (then on the site of the present Town Hall), and to this first home he certainly returned after a brief experience of soldiering in the Civil Wars of his day. Most provokingly, we cannot certainly say which side he took in the great struggle between King and Parliament, but he probably supported the latter.

Bunyan finally quitted his father's roof when, as a bridegroom perhaps not yet of age, he brought his first wife to the Elstow cottage. Then, as now, one supposes, steps led down from the street into the tiny parlour, and a little back window looking out on a diminutive garden marked the shallowness of

the dwelling. But Bunyan had a great old fireplace to sit by, and that, alas! has gone the way of the forge that once adjoined the cottage. The dwelling is still, as in Bunyan's day, a peasant's home, and has nothing but photographs to offer the visitor.

Here, then, Bunyan lived for six formative years, tinkering for daily bread and undergoing those extraordinary crises of the inner life which he has recorded in that amazing little autobiography, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*.

The young couple were, in Bunyan's phrase, "as poor as howlets," setting up housekeeping "without so much household staff as a dish or a spoon," nothing but two religious books belonging to Mrs. Bunyan. Yet they contrived to live and rear a family.

Gables and peaked dormers, old timbers and overhanging storeys, meet us as we wander down the village street, and call us back to Bunyan's day. Surely it was one of these ancient abodes that provided the "neighbour's shop window" near which the young tinker stood "cursing and swearing after my wonted manner," when the woman of the house, "though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch," protested that his profanity made her tremble.

"Another thing was my dancing. I was a full year before I could leave that." Bunyan's pathetic confession comes to mind as one turns from the village street to the village Green. This cannot have greatly altered since Bunyan's day. It is flanked on the south side by the churchyard, while the vicarage bounds it on the west. Near the vicarage stands the stump of a market cross once the centre of Elstow Fair. This fair dated from the days of Henry II., and was



*The cottage in which John Bunyan spent the earliest years of his married life. In those days a forge adjoined the farther end of the building, and the roof was thatched.*



"WOULD'ST THOU BE IN A DREAM, AND YET NOT SLEEP?"

perhaps the original of "Vanity Fair." On this Green the young Bunyan, a hefty, hearty fellow, played tipcat in defiance of a tormenting conscience, and danced with the merriest. His dancing would take him also to the Moot Hall, a wonderful old brick and timber fifteenth-century building that alone would give the Green a distinction unique in the countryside. The Moot Hall has been many things in its day, from a conventual guest house to a dissenting chapel, but is now a mere relic.

Elstow's Bunyan associations are brought to a fitting climax by the church. Over the village it towers, stately with its clerestoried nave and choir, while the campanile—a rare sight in England—rises in lonely majesty on the north-west side. The building was once the conventual church of a Benedictine nunnery. At the Dissolution the church was truncated and dismantled, the nuns were turned adrift, and the nunnery became a manor-house. Ruins of this, consisting mainly of two walls with imperfect Tudor windows, stand on the south side of the church, and adjoining them is a wonderful old Renaissance doorway, said to be the work of Inigo Jones. It has been thought that this manor-house may have suggested the "House Beautiful" of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Still in the church, which possesses two "Bunyan windows," stands the beautiful Early English font in which John Bunyan was baptised, and, no longer in use, the wooden "wine-glass" pulpit from which he heard an "awakening" sermon on Sabbath breaking. The future Baptist was an assiduous church-goer in those days, and, till he found "such practice was but vain," he was a lusty bellringer.

In 1655 (probably) Bunyan left Elstow for Bedford, and all the most important events of his ensuing life are associated with that town. He had been drawn to it for two years past, by the ministrations of "holy Mr. Gifford," the Puritan incumbent of St. John's, who had not been "holy" too long to be unsympathetic with a young man's gropings. The castellated western tower of St. John's

Church, with its images of St. John and of the banner-bearing Lamb, abuts on the road, the building being the first church on our right as we return to Bedford. The grey old Rectory, gabled and diamond-paned, fronts the church across the little graveyard. Both buildings date from the thirteenth century, when the Rectory was built as a hospital for the Bedford poor.

Even the site of Bunyan's own early Bedford house is unknown. It must have witnessed not a few sad hours. Bunyan had left his deepest troubles behind him at Elstow, but his first wife now died, leaving him with four children, one of whom was blind. More sorrows were coming. The year 1660 restored Charles II., the Episcopacy, and the Liturgy. Bunyan, who was now a preacher, was indicted for "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church," also for being "a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles." Result: twelve years' residence in Bedford Gaol. (Mercifully there was by this time a second Mrs. Bunyan to take care of the children.)

Popular fancy has pictured Bunyan "tagging laces" and writing *The Pilgrim's Progress* in a noisome little prison on Bedford Bridge. His incarceration, however, took place in the more commodious County Gaol that stood at the north-east corner of Silver Street, or Gaol Lane, as it was then styled. The great book, also, was merely begun during a brief imprisonment for a few months immediately after the longer period. The

main literary event of his prison life was *Grace Abounding*.

Pardoned, and even licensed, by wiser legislation, Bunyan emerged from prison to become the pastor of his own flock, the supervisor of many other flocks, and a writer of deathless fame. Those rather dull books, *The Holy War* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, both of which belong to this splendid later period, are overshadowed for all time by *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Who shall estimate its value? One might as well appraise Shakespeare. Indeed, the scope, the variety, the vivid humanity of this teeming work, together with its genial charity, its homely humour and sheer poetic beauty, suggest that of all titles that have been lavished on its author none is more felicitous than that of "The Shakespeare of Puritanism."

Bunyan's new home, his headquarters till death, stood (for it has now vanished) in St. Cuthbert's Street, opposite the site of a house entitled "The Cedars." His chapel, a mere barn, was in the adjoining Mill Street, on the site of the present "Bunyan Meeting." Approaching this building from High Street, one passes the Howard Congregational Church, and it is interesting to know that the charming old house (now known as the Bunyan Institute), just beyond the "Meeting," was Howard's Bedford residence.

The fine bronze doors of the chapel, given by the ninth Duke of Bedford, show panels depicting scenes from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and the caretaker will show such relics as the dreamer's chair, table, cabinet, staff and jug, his will, the warrant for his arrest, and many copies, in various languages, of his supreme work.

Bunyan's latest and greatest epoch lasted some sixteen years. Drenched to the skin through having gone out of his way on an errand of mercy while riding to London to keep a preaching engagement, the dreamer died at a friend's house on Snow Hill, August 31st, 1688. A recumbent effigy marks his grave in Bunhill Fields, and a noble statue, by Boehm, is Bedford's tribute to her greatest son.

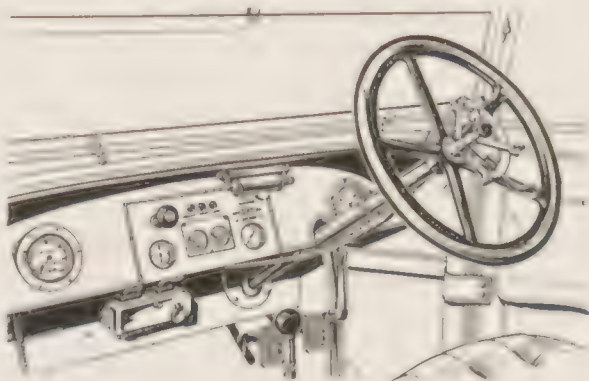


In early days Elstow chancel reached to the eastern churchyard wall. Certain grooves over the doorway of the campanile are said to have been worn by Bunyan's own particular bell-rope.



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*The Napier car boasts a very complete and neat dashboard. We think their boasting is justified.*



*Note the simple-for-inspection fuse box beneath the instrument board and the neat dash lamp.*



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**"THE** Best, the absolute Best, and nothing but the Best." Such may be said to be the keynote in the construction of the Napier car—and "construction" in this case covers everything—materials, workmanship, and efficiency generally.

It is common knowledge that the Napier Company holds a world-wide reputation, covering a century and more of engineering practice and success. They were the pioneers of the six-cylinder motor carriage, which is now the only Napier model made, and upon which the full force, the years of practical experience embodying also that gained in the unique and successful Napier aero engines, and the many other expert attributes of the car-producing section, is entirely concentrated; with the result that the six-cylinder Napier car is truly a credit to the world's motor industry.

The cylinders and detachable cylinder head of the 38.4 h.p. overhead valve engine are of aluminium construction, while the engine itself is notably smooth and quiet in running, with a pleasing absence of vibration at any speed.

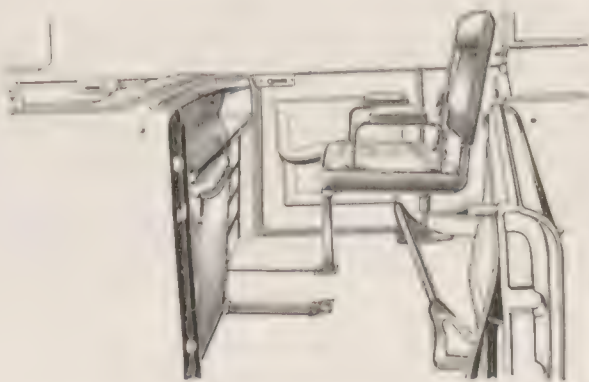
Although the Napier Company are not their own coachbuilders, this all-important item is in the hands of Napier body specialists, who, as with the Napier Company, have reputations at stake.

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*These are the "occasional" seats. They fold out of sight when not in use. The rear passengers have complete protection from the wind, etc., by a broad screen, which may be regulated to suit individual requirements.*

*Immediately behind the front seats is a locker wherein are housed the screens when not in use;*



*a recess for books, maps, etc., and a comfortable foot rest are also supplied for the rear passengers.*



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## DARTMOOR OF THE "EARLY BRONZE."

By "West Country."

*Few motorists who have crossed Dartmoor have ever paused to think of the history of that adorable desolation. The following notes, then, going as far back as the Early Bronze Age, should be of considerable interest to the many readers who are motorists of the aforesaid category.*

HOW many of the thousands of people who annually traverse Dartmoor, and who admire the rugged, tor-studded expanse of heather and gorse-clad uplands, ever ponder on the history of this desolate region set in the midst of one of the most fertile counties of England?

The vast majority, one fears, rush across the moor by one of the main roads, and never tarry a moment to delve a little into the past, or explore those portions which, lie off the principal routes.

Yet there is probably no other tract of land of the same extent which contains such numerous and well-preserved remains of prehistoric antiquity. The curious feature is that they all belong to one period, the Early Bronze, when flint was used abundantly, and although metal was known bronze was as costly and as valued as is gold nowadays.

These people were part of a great migration of a tall, dark, long-headed race which came out of Central Asia in prehistoric times. It spread through Syria and Arabia, where stone hut circles, dolmens, the ancient form of tomb, and menhirs, the earliest type of memorial stones, identical with those found on Dartmoor, have been discovered. Parts of Europe were occupied, including the British Isles, by this race, which has been called Ivernian or Iberian, and to them Ireland, Erin or Ierne, owes its name, and even to this day the dusky skin and dark eyes and hair of these very early inhabitants of Great Britain survive in Western Ireland, in Wales and in Cornwall.

For how long these people lived and pastured their flocks and herds on Dartmoor is un-

known, but, by degrees, they seem to have entirely disappeared from their original habitation, for there are no traces of either Saxon or Roman remains on the moor, which is not even mentioned in Domesday, and so was apparently a waste given up to wild beasts and practically uninhabited. Yet so thickly populated must the area have been at one time that, although tens of thousands of hut circles and other remains have been destroyed, and the stones taken for building churches, houses and making the walls of the newtokes, as the enclosures are called, yet many still exist.

The traveller who journeys from Moreton Hampstead to Tavistock passes, at Postbridge, quite close to

some of the best preserved remains, notably Grimspound, an irregular enclosure of about four acres. This was probably not a fortified camp, but, as its name suggests, a place into which cattle could be driven for protection against the wolves which were numerous on the moor up to medieval times.

Another famous camp of these ancient people can be seen on Whit Tor above the village of Peter Tavy, and from the remains in these two districts alone the population in each must have numbered several thousand souls.

Lydford was a fortress in the Bronze Age, and probably even before that, for its position, on a fringe of land between two ravines, is so strong as inevitably to find favour for such purpose, and it remained fortified down through the ages. It was captured and burnt by the Danes in 997, but was rebuilt.

A great deal of rubbish has been written about the Druids on Dartmoor, and there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that this priestly sect ever flourished amongst the early inhabitants of this part of England. Vixen Tor and Bowerman's Nose, the so-called rock idols of the early antiquaries, are purely natural and owe nothing to the art of man, the shaping being due to the softer strata in the granite weathering and leaving the harder portions. In the same way the rock basins, which by some were stated to have been cut as reservoirs to preserve the rain or dew for the religious uses of the Druids, were formed by the action of water and particles of grit set in motion by the wind. Neither is there any proof that the logans, or rocking stones, were ever used, as has been averred, for the purpose of trial by ordeal.



*The two bridges at Dartmeet, a delightful snippet of Dartmoor, never seen by those who hug the beaten track.*





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Whilst the markets of the world are closed to British tyre manufacturers, by reason of the prohibitive import duties, the surplus production of foreign manufacturers is pouring into this country.

Over £5,500,000 was paid last year by British motorists for foreign tyres: the unemployment problem was aggravated and taxation maintained at a high level.

There is no need for foreign tyres: British tyres are available for the equipment of all cars, British or foreign, and in the long run they are *cheaper* because they are *better*.

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*Muriel :* "He wears those darling dark blue ties with white spots on them."  
*Joan :* "Yes! I like that in a man."



## WHY NOT IN BRITAIN?

By Frederick A. Talbot.

*With the exception of the enterprise at the mouth of the Severn, Britain has hitherto neglected to use the cheap power running to waste in her waterfalls and rivers. There are unlimited sources of water-power unharnessed in the mountains of Scotland and Wales. Why are they not utilised?*

EVER since electricity has become the great motive force of the world, engineers have lamented the enormous waste of energy which the tides of the oceans fritter away on the coasts of the world, and the hydraulic power running to waste in great waterfalls and rivers.

Some of this unproductive prodigality may be realised in the case of Great Britain, whose estimated horsepower of total water power is about 1,000,000-1,500,000.

Whilst our more progressive Dominions and foreign commercial competitors have not been slow to take advantage of the unharnessed power of rivers and water ways, Britain has hitherto lagged behind; partly because she is so richly endowed with coal, and partly because her hydraulic resources are situated in remote and difficult places. In considering hydro-electric schemes in this country the cost of generation by coal must always be taken into account. The true solution lies rather in considering coal as a raw material, such as iron ore, and so exploiting it as to extract every possible commercial commodity, only utilising the ultimate gases methane and hydrogen as well as the coke for steam raising, though possibly the whole of the coke could be used in metallurgy and for making calcium carbide and its many products.

This would enable enormous quantities of benzol to be garnered for motoring and other purposes. But apart from schemes for making better use of our coal supplies, why cannot we turn to account the millions of horse-power of potential energy running to waste among the mountains of Scotland and Wales?

Inaccessibility has been neutralised by modern science, which has evolved ways and means of conveying the available power to centres where it can be properly exploited. Industry is dependent upon cheap power, and the experience of other nations proves conclusively that there is no form of energy so cheap and steady in supply as electricity generated by water power.

As an example of what has been accomplished in this direction in other lands, let us take the State of California. Faced with an enormous increase in the price of oil, upon which it was dependent for the expansion of its industrial activities, it was threatened with a power shortage without parallel. Electricity saved the situation. Fortunately, some twenty-five years ago, certain long-sighted, imaginative Californians realised that upon the flanks of the towering wall of mountains, hemming in the State on the Eastern side, was stored eternal power in the form of water. But electricity as a science was young; the sources of supply were hundreds of miles away,

and there was no known means of bringing it to market. Engineers pluckily attacked the problem, and the first project for the development of electricity at one central point, and its transmission at a pressure of 20,000 volts for a few miles to the centre of consumption, was inaugurated and proved a conspicuous success.

This pioneer effort provoked the thought "If electric energy can be generated and transmitted in bulk at 20,000 volts over a handful of miles, why not go to the distant mountains, develop it in enormous blocks, and despatch it over two hundred or more miles?"

Accordingly, men set to work to evolve larger and more powerful water turbine-generator units, and to overcome the difficulties of transmitting power by wire over long distances at enormous voltages. Forthwith a scheme was launched for feeding both the city and the fields with electricity generated by water power, from a point a hundred or so miles away, and sending it down at a pressure of 100,000 volts.

Within a few months the homes and offices of the city were being lighted and the wheels of the factories revolved by the distantly created power. Through the enterprise and initiative displayed, one fifth of the available water-power has been brought into use. More than 1,000,000 h.p. of electricity is being won from the towering Sierra Nevadas.

It is difficult to realise the proportions and the operations of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., who have contributed to this marvellous feat of engineering. Its 47,000 miles of wire cover an area exceeding 54,000 square miles, bearing a thousand



*The Pit River power-house. The mechanical installation within is notable for the fact that the units are the second largest of their class in the world.*



KNOWLEDGE HATH CLIPPED THE LIGHTNING'S WINGS—



*A canal was dug to lead the Fall River to the waterwheels of the power station. The conduit is 983 feet in length. A direct open cut was disputed by a low mountain, and a subterranean channel was driven through the obstruction for nearly two miles. Above is seen the entrance to the tunnel.*



*Remote contingencies might necessitate shutting down the Pit River station, in which event the Fall River would have to follow its own natural course. To render this possible, the diversion weir is fitted with mammoth gates, 20 feet in width by 11½ feet high, shown above.*



*Below is shown a concrete weir 500 feet in length by 14 feet high, athwart the stream. By means of this barrage the whole of the Fall River can be turned to one side, so that it may be diverted into the canal shown in the first picture. The Fall River has a steady uniform flow throughout the year.*

*The waterfall in the centre picture has been created to return to the river the surplus water above that required to generate 40,000 horsepower. Below is shown the "umbrella" of water spilling over into the conduit from the surge-chamber, which is the safety valve of the water supply to the turbine.*





—AND MEWED IT UP FOR A PURPOSE.

million units during the year to nearly 700,000 customers. Plant capable of developing 588,000 h.p. is required, and of this total water is responsible for 415,000 h.p. Supplies of water must be stored, to tide the turbo-generators over the dry periods of the year. This is assured by 98 natural and artificial lakes and reservoirs, having a combined capacity of 64,000,000 gallons of water.

One of the waterways which focused the attention of the surveyors was the Pit River, and from their investigations a concrete scheme emerged, revealing the possibility of drawing 600,000 h.p. from this river by using the water seven times over during the tumultuous rush of 60 miles through the gorges to gain the Sacramento.

There was one handicap: the distance of the site from the market of consumption, San Francisco—a round 300 miles. But the engineers advanced a solution which was discussed and adopted. The scheme embraced the construction of seven power houses, but the engineer was urged to concentrate his energies upon the completion of the first three to swell the Company's supply by 126,500 h.p. Two of these stations are built at Hat Creek, a tributary of the Pit, and have a combined output of 33,500 h.p.

A low timber-weir was built across Hat Creek, filled with rock thrown diagonally across it to turn the water into a ditch, 2,750 ft. long, terminating in a riveted steel pipe, 108 in. in diameter, which carries the water over its last lap of 1,600 ft. and 216 ft. descent of the



*Showing the two 40,000 H.P. Vertical Turbo-Generators at the Pit River power-house.*

mountain side, to the 15,000 h.p. turbo-alternator. Once more the water runs against another dam, and is deflected to one side and passed into a wooden flume clinched to the winding, broken mountain-side for 4,470 ft. to shoot through a 9 ft. steel pipe 198 ft. down the mountain slope, into the turbine of the second power-station. The water, once more inert, drops into the natural channel to swell the Pit River.

at a speed of 257 revolutions per minute. Outside, and at the back of the station is the open air terminal of the trunk transmission line. From this remote spot, the power generated is despatched on its 220 miles journey across country, along the 220,000 volts line to the Southern terminal at Vaca, near Sacramento.

This necessarily short description of what has been accomplished by one com-

pany in California emphasises how we have neglected our opportunities.

There is a scheme to irrigate the Plains of Jordan by means of a hydro-electric plant on the Western shores of the Dead Sea. This would receive its energy from the Mediterranean, through a tunnel under Jerusalem. This suggested Judean enterprise may give an impetus to Great Britain? The progress made by America, Canada, Switzerland and Italy in the desired direction has left her comparatively unmoved.



*The southern terminal of the 220,000 volt line at Vaca, near the city of Sacramento, where 80,000 horse-power, sent by wire for 200 miles, is received.*



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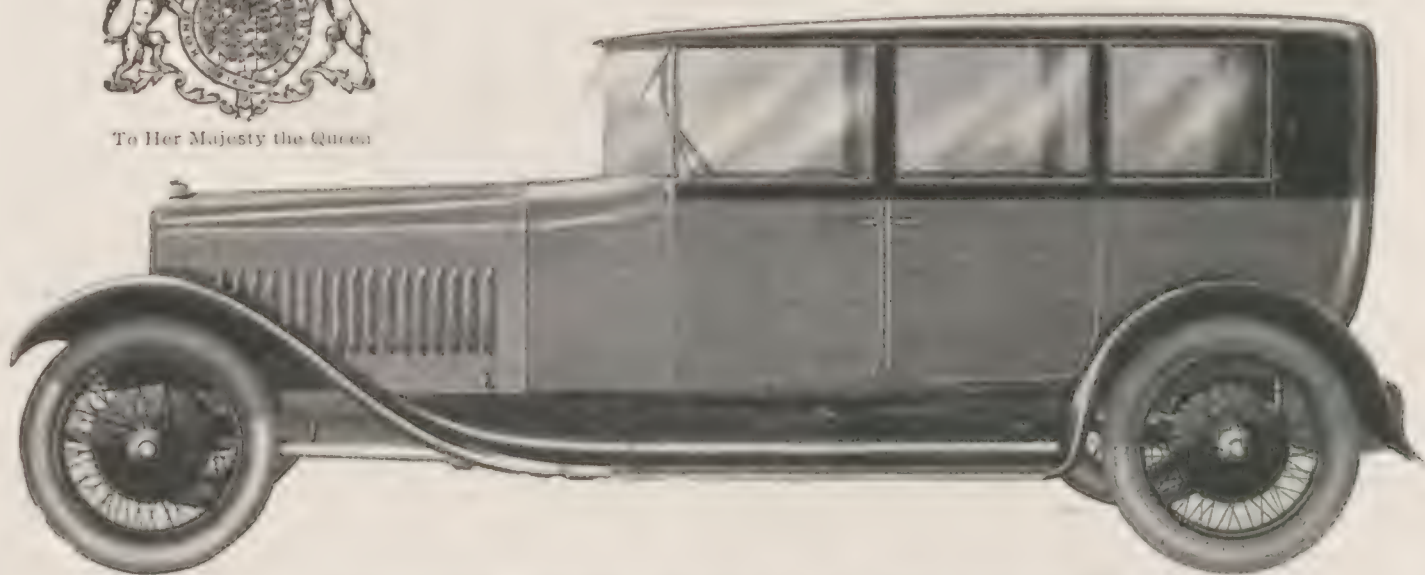
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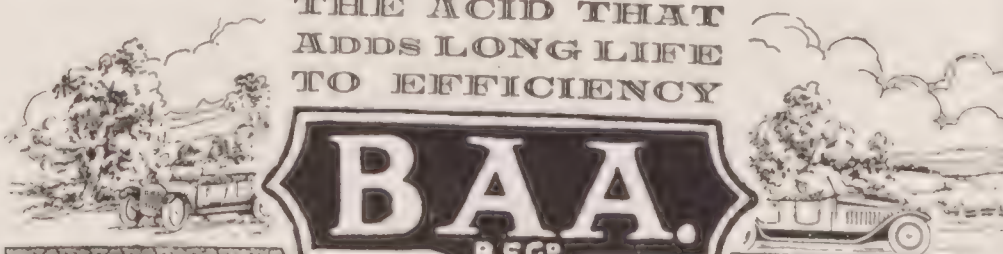
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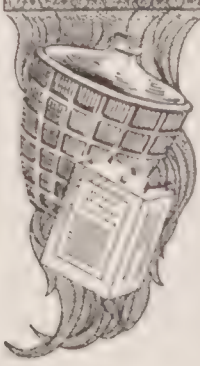
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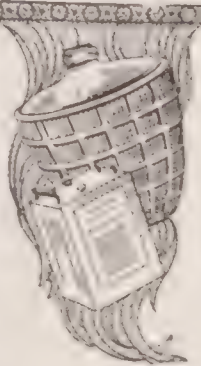
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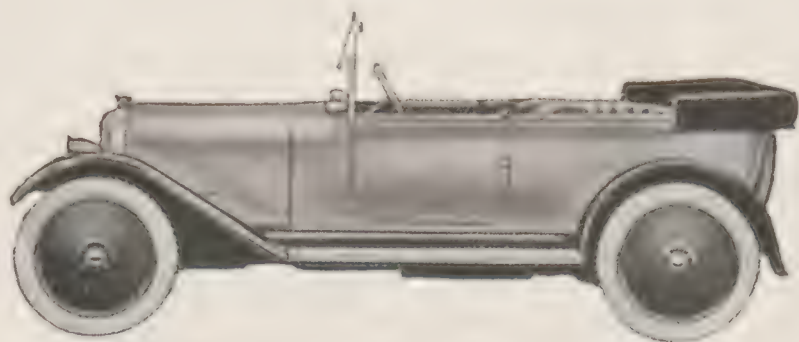
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## NATURE IN ALL ITS GLORY.

## ON THE BANKS OF A TROUT STREAM.

By Evelyn Ross.

*Have you sat patiently awaiting that bite, and was it, after all, just a waste of time? A thousand "No's." If "Yes" is YOUR answer, read what our contributor has to say—and you will quickly change your mind.*

**J**UST because I know so well that the trout will not rise the whole day long my rod is laid aside and I am sitting beneath the shade of a row of gently murmuring poplars. The sun beats down from a sky of brass, the water silently flows onward clear as crystal. And through it all my thoughts go back to London Town and its roar of traffic. The peace of mind, the contentment here in this country spot, are better than all the medicines prescribed by Harley Street for those whose mind and body need but one thing—repose. On yonder bank growing in great profusion is meadowsweet, somewhat overpowering with its sickly scent. Deadly nightshade sways its purple flowers in the breeze and on the petals settle gorgeous coloured dragonflies. Yes, they are very beautiful—one in particular attracts my fancy—of a deep translucent metallic green. He might have come from the forests on the Amazon so lovely is his hue. There is above the water a multitude of insects dancing up and down, and each one is for all the world the exact image of the fly I shall certainly try—Wickham's Fancy.

Some drop and, struggling, are carried away by the stream, but though these luscious morsels must certainly pass above the fish close in beneath the bank none is attracted. What hope for me casting an artificial one! A splash—and a ball of sapphire blue emerges from the pool leaving a train of diamonds in its wake, a kingfisher taking toll of the fry which as yet have not learnt by experience that deep water is by far the safest place.

To digress a moment. Last evening, passing down the stream, two of these birds came flashing

up, the one to settle on a pole close to the bank. The other, catching sight of me, broke off at right angles and sped like lightning over the fields into a wood where I know there is no water. A few moments later back it came hotly pursued by a sparrow-hawk. The speed of the former was absolutely incredible and it won the handicap by a street. The bird of prey gave up the race with a nonchalant air and lazily floated away into the golden rays of the setting sun. In the fields the hay is cocked, great mounds of golden grass, the hunting ground of magpies after the crickets and other insects brought out by the fervent heat. One of these saucy fellows—I have seen him every morning—has the habit of settling on the crown of the piled grass spreading his wings and squatting with evident pleasure to enjoy a sun bath. So greatly is he interested in his newly found exercise that he allows me to come within fifty yards ere he rises with percussive chatter as if I had no earthly right to come within his preserves. Amidst this solitude and loveliness of nature—I am reminded

of the words that express the opinion—"every prospect pleases and only man is vile." I query the statement, and leave to your keen sense of fairness whether I have reason to do so or not. As the kaleidoscope of the lower order of living creatures passes before my eyes I see on every side slugs—slugs black, slugs brown and brilliant orange, in fact slugs everywhere, slimy and of enormous length. They climb over the reeds, on to the water plants; they investigate my rod and criticise my landing net. They push their way over my rubber boots and leave a trail of beastliness in their wake. I have never seen such a quantity, such a noxious army—silently it comes and goes, whence and whither I know not, nor do I care. At night it magically arrays its forces and creeps forward imperceptibly. Oh! to be a frog, a toad, or indeed any creature whose food is here so close at hand and in such profusion; but he would needs have a tremendous and elastic appetite. The spot where I am letting these words fall on paper is not so very far from the lovely old town of Rouen, but still sufficiently distant as to be only get-

at-able by car. A village tucked away on the hill-side, comprising not more than two hundred souls all told, whose male population was more than decimated during the war. From out the straw-thatched coverings of the quaint-looking cottages spring ferns in great profusion, while some are spattered with knobs of moss.

Early in the morning and evening blue smoke lazily curls upwards from the open fireplaces, making the air redolent with that fragrance peculiar to the vicinity where wood is burnt. Pigeons circle round and about and intersperse their



*The peace of mind, the contentment here in this country spot—better than all the Harley Street prescriptions!*

*Continued on page 32.*





We are indebted for these excellent photographs to a party of English motorists who have been touring—inter alia—through Spain. Of course the great thing anywhere in that sunny land is the Bull Fight. The centre photograph shows the quaint and somewhat wonderful bridge at Ronda, and the waterfalls and ravine make it stand out in striking contrast. In the top left hand corner, you



see the local bull ring with the first item of the entertainment, the Parade of the Toreadors. In the right hand top picture, you see poor unfortunate Taurus dashing into the ring—on full throttle! In the left hand bottom picture you see the Picador getting busy, and on the right you see the Matador swinging his scarlet cloak behind his back as a bull rushes madly at it.





CALLED TO THE BAR!



We get a more "homely" picture in the centre of this page! Apparently not too enamoured of the local arrangements made for quenching their thirst, this merry party of tourists decided to open a private bar of their own on their verandah, and as you will see, they dressed themselves for the part! Turning again to our unfortunate friend Taurus, the top left hand picture is a remarkable photograph of a remark-



able incident. When the Matador patted the enraged bull on the nose, the house rose to his bravery in a yell of applause. On the right at the top you see another example of unusual bravery: the less the Matador moves away from the maddened bull, the greater his daring. On the left at the bottom you see two banderillas en route for the bull's neck, and on the right, the merciful coup de grâce is being given.





Continued from page 29.

aerial activity with a little love-making coupled with a quantity of soft cooing. In one of the poplar trees flanking the road a chaffinch sings from morn till night, and I detect him being answered not so very far distant by another of his tribe. And while one day I listened to this little aristocrat's vigorous lyric a nuthatch came and climbed an apple tree not ten yards from my window. I always think that he amongst his fellows defies the law of gravity as much as any—yes, even more than the mouse-like tree creeper.

But how my thoughts run riot with my pen—from trout to tree creepers! And as I look out again over the valley stretching away into the distance there comes the thought that each and every one of us can find beauty in different things—truly one man's meat is another's poison.

It will be found that amongst these who move in a lower plane of life the struggle for existence is every whit as bitter. Each and every insect, bird and animal abroad this glorious afternoon is probably engaged upon its own particular way of gaining a living, building its house or satisfying the craving for food. Yonder caterpillar devouring a juicy leaf is probably quite unaware that his doom is sealed, or that approaching his habitat is an insectivorous little bird furtively seeking provender to take home to its nest where a colony of youngsters anxiously awaits the advent of its parent. Again, that bird may never reach home in safety. Hard upon his track is advancing with stealthy footsteps a weasel—that sinuous hunter with glittering eye—terror of every hedgerow, blood-thirsty, cunning, and most pugnacious.

This latter's life is in jeopardy every hour, and woe betide him should any keeper catch a glimpse of his little red body slipping noiselessly through the undergrowth. And thus amidst all the joyousness of life around you the gaunt spectre of death is lurking on every side. Frogs may croak their loudest in the marsh, yet if you are very still and very quiet the chances are that quite close to your coign of vantage will glide a grass snake. He knows that yonder a succulent morsel awaits him. In and out of the herbage he will

go stalking his unsuspecting victim—a sudden dart and those incurving teeth will fasten upon a tiny yielding body that can offer nothing but an impotent resistance to its terrible foe. But you will have to be very much awake would you happen upon an otter endeavouring to earn a meal. He will simply slide noiselessly beneath the surface of the water leaving a trail of bubbles in his wake and emerge on the opposite bank, his prize a beautiful fish to be devoured at his leisure, after the manner of an epicure. And as I think about that otter, I realise how unconsciously the hours have passed—perhaps I have been dreaming—the evening rise is on—the trout are feeding! A gentle breeze is murmuring through the overhanging trees. The tiniest ripple breaks the mirror-like surface of the water. In a moment or two the line shoots out and the fly alights somewhat clumsily near yonder clump of reeds. No luck—another cast better than the last, and away goes the trout rushing frantically down stream—there lies his hope of safety. It is not to be, and in a few minutes he lies safely at the bottom of the landing

net. Nothing disturbs the peacefulness of the scene; one is left entirely alone, save for the little people who must now be coming out to make those fairy rings that are to be seen on every side. Do they live in the gnarled oak set by the mill, or is their home far up on the hillside? I wonder! Are they dancing on my rod or impudently poking fun at me because no fish come to sample my artificial fly? Again, I cannot satisfy my curiosity. And so I pack up for the cottage in the woods and wend my way slowly across the marshy ground peculiarly tired with having done practically nothing all day long! But though so many hours of sunlight have been spent as some would say lazily lying on the grass nonchalantly courting rheumatism, pneumonia, and all the rest of them, there is no doubt that it is the only way in which we can get to know what is going on all around us. For here is tragedy and there comedy enacted at one's very feet in many acts and innumerable scenes. The actors and actresses have no sense of consciousness nor do they suffer from stage fright. As dawn breaks, so does the curtain rise, an orchestra from out the tree-tops and bushes supplies music on occasion, not from any mercenary motive, but for the very joy of living until the evening hour when each little feathered songster supplies his quota to the grande finale.

Comes down the twilight upon the trout stream; the sun, a blood-red orb, has slowly gone away, giving place to a growing darkness that is all-embracing in its tenderness. Faint points of light prick into the gloom and show that the village folk are not as yet gone to the sleep a long day's toil has earned. The shrill squeak of bats hawking over the water momentarily disturbs the ear. Up in the old oak tree an owl hoots and is still. The smell of those wood fires deliciously scents the air as my footsteps wander up the village road. The door of the old thatched cottage stands ajar, is closed, and the curtain falls on the thoughts and doings of yet another day. And as I climb the crazy staircase my thoughts still linger beside the stream—yes, I will go again to hear the singing of the birds and to watch those dancing dragonflies.



*On yonder bank, growing in great profusion, is meadowsweet—now and then the dragonfly flashing its gorgeous colouring.*



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## MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

*At this time of the year Madam will be particularly busy with the many additional household duties ; the Christmas stock, the children's parties and party frocks, her own wardrobe, and those numerous presents. Therefore the many " Christmassy " notes below should prove of exceptional interest to Madam.*

WHATEVER we may make of our relations and family parties at any other time of the year (and opinions differ amazingly on these little matters) there is no doubt at all that the ideal Christmas is a big family party, with a judicious sprinkling of "temporary members" and friends. They are dull folk indeed who would wish to remain grown up and aloof at such a time, and in justice it should be added that even the domestic staff, appealed to tactfully as co-operators in the general scheme of things, will rise to the occasion as nobly as anyone.

The châtelaine who is anticipating such a Christmas gathering will do well to make her plans in good time. The long grocery order for the plum puddings serves as a useful reminder that the days are slipping by, and forethought even in such matters as menus, or accommodation for her numerous guests, will well repay her. The most elastic of homes may be strained to its limits at such a time, and happy indeed is the lady of the manor who can turn to a faithful "nannie," or a capable head housemaid, with whom she may take counsel in devising that last extra bedroom which has got positively to be brought from nowhere. The youngsters at any rate will not resent being crowded up a bit in their quarters, and indeed are apt to regard such manœuvres as part of the fun, sharing the excitements of "stockings" or party frocks with little cousins. Their chief requirements are dealt with in cosy rugs over a cork lino, gay eiderdowns and curtains, with winter sports or similar pictures to enliven a plain coloured wall. A cover over the dressing table saves many disasters to the polished surface, and for a little daughter's room dainty touches can hardly be too early introduced—a pretty screen, artistic trifles on mantelpiece or toilet table, which will serve as little counteractions to that boyish tendency in modern schools, which should gradually be outgrown as the school days drift by.

Where it is not possible to arrange for constant hot water in the bedrooms, in alliance with the specially fitted basins, there is yet a very good way of securing that most important luxury without the assistance of a plumber. An ordinary soiled linen basket should be upholstered in flannel inside, leaving room for a moderate sized hot-water can. If in addition loose flannel is wrapped round the can, the water, if put in really hot, may be trusted to last for a considerable number of hours, quite from such a time as when the maid does the room in the morning until late in the afternoon.

To the châtelaine who contemplates a large household, and who really cannot solve her domestic staff difficulties, it is absolutely worth while giving attention to a washing-up machine, for not only is this one of the constant household jobs that takes the longest time, but as things are to-day inefficient labour will break far more of her china than the machine, and there are a number of good patents on the market at by no means exorbitant prices.

But, oddly enough, it is the tiny details that want watching most frequently. The parlourmaid or butler does not think to kill the last remnant of cigar smoke from the dining room, which may be done in half an hour by the simple expedient of placing a saucer or two of sanitas on the mantelpiece or sideboard. The sanitas will not smell, but absorb the heaviness of stale cigars. Even frocks that have suffered from a smoky room may be greatly restored by half an hour in front of an open window upon the ledge of which a saucer of sanitas has been placed.

In the selection of suitable "presents," the wants of her own sex will hardly cause a wrinkle in the châtelaine's smooth brow; but when it comes to male "wants," then catalogues or male friends must be consulted, for even in these modern days it is a bold wife who would

make an offering of cigars to her "other half," at least if she has made the purchase on her own responsibility. Safer far to attempt books, over which at any rate he can peacefully doze if they do not inspire him, or almost always a safe plan is to choose "something for the motor."

To husbands, on the other hand, who are not entirely confident of their wife's taste, whatever it is, get it where she can have it changed—after. She will thank you ten times more sincerely.

To the direct inspirations of Santa Claus, or his representative, must be left the all-important matter of "stockings," but in a really desperate moment a discreet "advisory committee" may be held with so experienced an expert as Messrs. Hamleys, or a kindred member of the Father Christmas family.

For undoubtedly youth will be served, and very properly, at this festival which is so peculiarly their own. So that household affairs and mother's own frocks must be settled before December 18th or so, when the schools discharge their cargoes of youthful high spirits. For it will be "Mummie" here and "Mummie" there, and she will want to have her own most beloved of offspring attired so that they may compare just as well as, and better than, all the other small fairies that will be present. For surely never were children's clothes more completely delightful than at present, since simplicity and daintiness are their very keynote. The frills that we are using on our own frocks are finding their way to the children's frocks too, while the all-fashionable fur has no more charming duties than to set off the perfect complexion of youth. Gay colours, marocains, crêpe de chine, and all practical washing fabrics, are the wisest choice for care-free holidays and happy children, for there are few things so pathetic in any walk of life as the child "dressed up" to please its parents.



## T H E F A R E O F F A S H I O N .



*ON the left is illustrated a very attractive little dance frock composed of peach-coloured georgette. The skirt is daintily trimmed with three flounces of soft lace, which also forms a yoke for the finely tucked bodice. The finishing touch is added by a large bow of golden brown moiré placed at the side.*

*The lower picture shows a graceful evening gown of black crêpe beauté, the side drapery being held in place by an ornament of black onyx and paste.*





# F A S H I O N F O R T H E F A I R .

*I*N the smaller illustration is a simple dress of black and white check duvetyn piped with black and white crêpe de chine. The three little pockets placed one above the other on the right side strike an original note. The hat is of black suede, cut out in patterns showing black panne beneath.

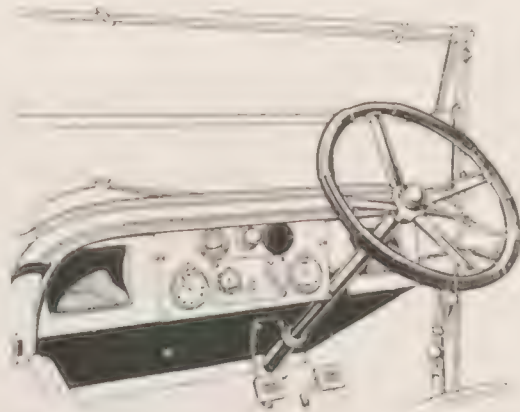
On the right is a charming coat with collar and cuffs of chinchilla to be worn over the frock depicted in the lower picture.





## THE BIANCHI—A PRODUCT OF MASTERMEN.

*You will admit the dashboard of the Bianchi is neat and complete with*



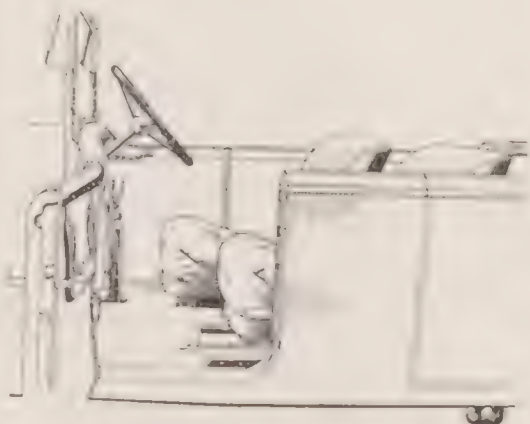
*the necessary accessories. Note the useful pockets and large steering wheel.*

**T**HE two-litre Bianchi is truly an education in modern high-class automobile construction. Not just "a car," but "a car of distinction, of merit, and possessing many distinctive characteristics."

When one realises the fact that this car is made by master men who know from "A" to "Z" every branch of every item in the make up of the motor industry, surely, then, this explains its goodly qualities? Of course it does! It accounts for the proved reliability of the two-litre engine; for the smoothness in running of both engine and transmission, and for the first-class construction and finish of the coachwork. Moreover, Italian engineers—the Bianchi car is made at Milan, Italy—undoubtedly rank among the most famous in the world.

Reliability is the car's outstanding feature. Every component part just "carries on," and will do so for a minimum of 50,000 miles, as this figure is guaranteed by the makers. But we need no makers' statements upon which to build our opinion. And in this particular case we speak from extended practical experience, because a Bianchi car has been a MOTOR OWNER staff car; the performance of which has been belittled only by that model—the latest Bianchi—of which we give brief description. In conclusion, the two-litre Bianchi, with English touring body, is listed at £725, and, considering the value offered, it is an "Ideal Car."

*Here you see the front seats are independent and adjustable—to suit the "comfortable leg length" of each individual. They look comfortable, and they are!*



*This gives a general view of the rear of the car, of the large brake drums and the really strong luggage carrier. The rear seats are wide and finely upholstered.*



*What is normally a foot rest is also the tool compartment and place for*



*spares. Each door has a covered recess for small parcels, maps, etcetera.*



*"A TITHE PURLOINED CANKERS THE WHOLE ESTATE."*



*The largest tithe-barn in the kingdom, situated at Bredon. The steps lead to a window where, when tithe was paid in kind, a monk was stationed to check the receipt of church dues. In the foreground we have the beautiful Bianchi car which carried us swiftly to this relic of the past.*



# NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

*A Tale Told in the R.A.C. Smoking Room.*

*By Owen John Llewellyn.*

THE older man put down his liqueur.

"What are you saying?"

No romance about motoring? Bosh! Rot! Go and read Kipling on the subject of Romance! Just wonder for yourself why it is that every other car carries a mascot of one sort or another! Not that I personally think a lot of plush monkeys myself—but there are lots who do.

\* \* \*

"Look at George there; that old man—not that he's really old—sitting in the chair by the fire. He says he's done his trick; he never even uses a car now if he can help it—let alone drives one—but when cars were new things, when they made more cars in Lorraine than in all the rest of the world, there were very few people who could give him points on anything to do with them, and nobody on how to get them along. At least, that's *his* story."

"I wonder if he would talk if we asked him?" said the young journalist.

"Sure," said his friend. "But we shall have to call the waiter."

\* \* \*

The old man was telling his tale.

"I think I heard you say something about there being no romance nowadays in motoring, didn't I? And since you have asked me to tell you bits of what I remember about cars twenty years ago, and considering it's one of the beastliest nights outside I ever looked out into, and considering that I have no intention of going home till it stops snowing, perhaps I'll be telling you a story that will be altering your opinion a lot. A drink? Thank you. Rum for me; I began life as a sailor. By the way, they are telling me that there are millions of gallons of rum that want drinking, only the Government won't let 'em go under twelve bob a bottle. Wicked, I call it!"

"It happened—or, rather, it began—in the Black Forest. I was over there for a big rich Englishman (they made him a lord afterwards, but this

was when he was a plain Mister, and a hard-working one at that) having a look at the Schlutt works generally, and more particularly at the latest thing in big autos that they were experimenting on. Some engine that—a bit heavy and clumsy, of course, but miles ahead of any other in those days. Of course they kept very close about it all; the Boche and the Frenchie were having a little engine war of their own about that time, and there was a tale in the Rhineland about some car that was being made somewhere near Pontarlier that could whack even the Mercédès silly. So I had to watch my step, though just then the Kaiser was under the impression that we loved the Hun much better than we did the French. He tried his best, and he thought he'd done the trick, but he guessed wrong; otherwise there'd

never have been any war, and where would some of us have been? But to my tale.

"The Schlutt people were proper Huns in most respects, but I think there must have been a bit of the Oriental about them too; for keen as they were on their car and the dear Fatherland, they also were just as keen on making a bit of money. They had their secret shops, of course, but they let me—they knew I had the money and wanted to buy their car—see most things else, and once Peter, their top-sawyer mechanic, took me out for a long run through the forest just to prove to me that their boasts were not mere shop talk and nothing else. That taught me to appreciate the car, and one day, when a plug blew out (poor things plugs in those days), I managed to see for myself one or two bits that hitherto I had been content to guess at. Mark you, this wasn't the car they were out to sell me; this was their new stunt, and, properly speaking, there ought to have been all sorts of seals on the bonnet when it was outside their Bluebeard's chamber.

"I liked Peter; he talked with his hands more than most Germans, and it had often struck me that he didn't love most of his mates any too much. But as a fitter and tester he was a sheer genius; they simply had to have his hand in everything, and that, perhaps, was where the Houndsditch in Messrs. Schlutt most came out. He could talk French too, but then French was half the language in those parts; you didn't have to study history to find out that before 1870 where the works were had been a bit of France.

"A funny thing happened on the trip. Mile after mile we had run into the forest, all white sandy tracks with a carpet of pine-needles over them that stopped all road noises ('Good for engine testing,' said Peter), when all of a sudden at a cross lane the car stopped for no reason that I could see, and Peter got out. He didn't rush for the bonnet or look at the tyres like



Peter and I were having a farewell  
Bock inside the cafe.



THE PLOT THICKENS AND THE SNOW DEEPENS.

I expected he would, but just casually at the ground where the cart-wheel tracks crossed. I took notice where he had looked, but I couldn't make sense of anything, though I thought a great deal, for where the lines lay over each other someone (of course I couldn't guess who then) had put down fir-cones and bits of stick on all but the middle square, so that, as soon as it jumped on you, you could see that old game we used to play in class and at church as clear as daylight before you on the road.

"Then Peter lit his pipe, at the second attempt, and got back in the car. I noticed that both his striking matches—little red stinking ones—fell plumb in the middle of the only blank. Then we went back to the works.

\* \* \*

"Winter came and my job at length was over. I had bought the car, and almost a duplicate in spare parts (we needed them in those days), and Peter and I were having a farewell *bock* inside the best café in the little town. The waiter had not known his job and had not wiped up some milk that a previous customer had spilt. Idly I was playing with the mess, and, not thinking particularly of what I was doing, I traced out just clear of the puddle four crossing lines and began to play noughts and crosses on the table against myself. Then I remembered something, and left the centre one empty—on purpose. Casually Peter turned round and his eye caught the pattern.

"I never saw a man jump so. He looked at me, but I was rolling a cigarette; then he looked all round at the other customers and the waiters, and then he jumped up, shook my hand like a machine, and bolted for the works.

"I paid the waiter and slowly followed him, but before I had gone half a mile towards my hotel I heard the roar of a Schlutt, and down the road, coatless and hatless, came Peter driving as if the devil was after him. A long timber waggon forced him to stop just before he got to me, and I jumped up alongside of him.

"'Going out to the cross-roads again, Peter?' I laughed, and I pinched his arm. (I remember thinking what an iron bar it was.)

"He flashed his teeth at me. 'Yes,' he hissed; 'and you come with me. By the look of the weather it will be a two-man's job to-night.'

"I gazed round. The morning had

been dry and frosty, but in the north all day there had been a massing of heavy clouds. And now they had spread all over the sky; a wind was getting up, and even as he spoke light flakes of snow came whirling across the street.

"He said no more, but he hauled out of the empty *tonneau* a shaggy goatskin overcoat and cap and put them on; then he drove—we were just clear of the town—God! how he drove! In those days I could never have believed that any car could go so fast. In less than no time we came to the old spot, and he jumped out and gazed around. I could see nothing, and he, too, looked puzzled. Perhaps the snow was to blame. I breathed on the little glass screen that was all motors had in early times and drew the familiar picture before his eyes. He jumped, literally jumped. 'You?—are you one of us?' he asked.

"'Doucement,' said I; 'you jump to conclusions, too, my friend.'

"'But you—surely it was not you who made the sign on the table in the café, was it?'

"I nodded. 'Peter, you've hit it. But I only copied a little work of art I had seen on the road here, and when I saw it surprised you I thought I would find out what it meant.'

"'Then you don't know?' he half-whispered.

"Then I took a long shot. My reply was the first few bars of the *Marseillaise*.

"His eyes blazed. 'Can I trust you?' he asked.

"'Better than anybody else at Schlutt's, I expect,' I replied.

"He put out his hand. 'We go together, then. My friend, you have got into it and you must stay in it. Come on; I think you may be useful.'

"He swung the handle and the governed engine roared loudly. Then, crouching at the wheel, he turned westwards and yet right-handed again. A little woodcutter's house stood in a clearing by the road, and as we pulled up a girl came out and looked at the driver curiously.

"'A friend,' said Peter, with a wave of his hand. 'You may speak.'

"'Who bade you come?' broke out the girl in remarkably good French. 'I could not send'—in a hoarse whisper—'Henri has not returned.'

"'The good God told me, perhaps,' he answered. 'But quick—your story. What has happened?'

"'I do not know, but something has gone wrong. Perhaps that is why Henri has not come back. But come

inside—that is, if you dare to stop. To me it looks as if it would snow for ever.'

"Certainly it was coming down thicker and thicker, so in we went. There were no lights other than that thrown out by the big open fire. The girl—I could see most of her now—I can always see her"—sighed the old man pathetically—"pulled down the blind and Peter and she began to talk anxiously together.

"Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a side-door flew open and a man dressed as a woodcutter dashed in. He saw me and stood.

"'A friend, Henri; fear not,' said Peter.

"Then came his story, pouring out like a mill-dam, he gesticulating, screaming, almost weeping, and making much too long-winded a tale of it, considering that the burden of it was that the police—the Spy Police—were even now after him—and them.

"'Their leader?'

"'That man at Schlutt's who was pretending to be buying a car for Russia. He knows all. Pah!'

"'Me?' asked Peter.

"'You!' answered Henri.

"'Then we go, and now,' said Peter, rising. 'But perhaps there is just time to drink to good fortune.'

"A bottle and glasses were close by, and we drank—real good brandy of France. I saw Peter put the bottle in his pocket.

"'I have an idea it will come in useful,' he said.

"I felt dazed, but I held my peace. I had asked for trouble and I did not grumble because I had got it.

"'Coats all, luggage small,' quoted Peter as he dashed out.

"The car had a big *tonneau* body at the back and was full of spares, with a cover to keep all down. I sat alongside the driver; the others crouched behind—in those days one could not see into many *tonneaux*.

"The snow was beginning to drift; there was a moon somewhere behind the flying clouds; the black trunks of the trees showed our road, and so we went away lightless and noiseless, save for the clatter of the exhaust and the hammer-hammer-hammer of the big uncovered valve stems.

"As we came to the first corner into the big road—the place where the wheel-tracks had crossed—there were men watching. They called on us to stop. Peter drove on. I think I heard a bullet 'ping' over our heads once, but evidently we had come a



little too early for them. Our luck was in—so far.

"On and on we rushed along a road that luckily, except here and there, did not catch the drifts. A single telegraph line ran with it; a couple of miles away Peter stopped.

"I think the snow will break down the wire; let me save it the trouble," he laughed, and forthwith Henri swarmed up the little pole and did the work.

"Once lights shone out above us and ahead. 'Bitche!' said Peter, 'the city that held out for us all through the war, I salute you. Some day we shall relieve you again.' There seemed some sort of *octroi* affair with a nasty stripy-looking sentry-box outside it by the road, and, just behind it, a shut gate.

"You open it, and get ready to get in when you've done it," he whispered. A muffled-up figure came out of a firelit interior and looked at me as I pushed at the gate. I smacked him on the back. 'If you don't keep it open for good, you'll have to keep it shut for bad,' I laughed, pointing at the drift already hiding the lowest bar. To my surprise he laughed too, but I think he stopped laughing when, without another word, I hopped into the palpitating car and we were gone.

"Bitche lies at the top of a two-team hill, and there's one equally steep just beyond it. The car skidded a bit going up, and Peter pulled up under a big fir. 'The Frontier Post,' he said, 'is but eight miles on, and at it there is a gate there that nobody is allowed to open for himself. We have got to get the other side before morning. You, sir,' he said, turning to me with quite a new expression on his face, 'can do as you like.'

"Oh, I'll stick to you," I said grandly.

"What for?" put in Henri. 'You are not in danger; you have no need to fly; you are not suspect. Why, then, should you run unnecessary risks, and possibly incommode us also?'

"I did not like the way he put it, but undoubtedly he had reason. What was the whole thing to me? What connection had I with it, or them, or their conspiracy, or whatever it was? So I nodded my head. 'Now my idea is this,' went on Henri, 'that we leave the car where we

must—unfortunately we cannot take it with us, and equally unfortunately we are at peace with Germany—and also the Monsieur, but in such a case that it will be very plain that he was the victim of a pack of scoundrels.' We three grinned, and Henri resumed.

"To do this it will be necessary for Monsieur to be maltreated to a certain extent, but we will be gentle and we will do him the kindness to leave him close to a dwelling, so that he may have succour as soon as morning comes. We shall go on; fortune may favour us, and at least the snow is bound to cover up our tracks. If we cannot get the car across, we shall leave it and cross ourselves alone. We shall have escaped. *Vive la France!*'

"By all means," I said. '*Vive la France!* But what about *vive me?*'

"*C'est la guerre!*" said that beast Henri (Peter was working at the engine); 'and now for the great pretence.'

"All of a sudden the three made a dash for me, tied up my hands and feet with rope, put a cloth over my mouth, smeared me with oil, scratched my face until I could feel the blood

running down it, tapped me quite hard enough under the eye with a spanner, and threw me, moderately gently, into the back of the car.

"I felt her bound forward as Peter banged in the clutch. The next thing that interested me was the feeling that I had exchanged my very uncomfortable seat for the cold softness of a snow-drift. Somebody whispered into my ear: 'Give us ten minutes.' It was Peter. He was a good chap, so I obeyed.

"Everything else was silence. Easily I managed to free my mouth until I should be able to yell. And when I began I yelled to such effect that a head at once came out of a window and asked in no modified tones what all the noise was about. Whereupon—even on a night like that—he came to my rescue.

\* \* \*

"When I arrived at my patron's house to report I was handed a letter from Paris. It enclosed a couple of *mille franc* notes and a diagram of noughts and crosses with the centre one complete. That's all!"

\* \* \*

"But where does the Romance come in?" asked the young journalist.

"Romance, sir! Why, damn it, isn't that tale Romance enough for anyone? Just think of the opportunities; think of what might have happened, think of the snowstorms, think of the blind night-ride, think of the forest guards, think of the dark pinewoods—why, the whole thing is Romance of the First Order and of the Finest Water! Romance, forsooth! Hi! waiter! More rum, and blast ye!"

\* \* \*

The young journalist asked his friend as they crawled home through the empty streets who George was and what he had been.

"George," he answered. "Oh, he's just a character. Quite mad! Never been out of London himself except to Brighton, they say. We keep him here to amuse the children, but what he likes best is to pitch his yarns to young press chaps—like you, for instance."

But I have got level with him; I've published one of his pet stories to the world as a tale; and he is sure to read it.



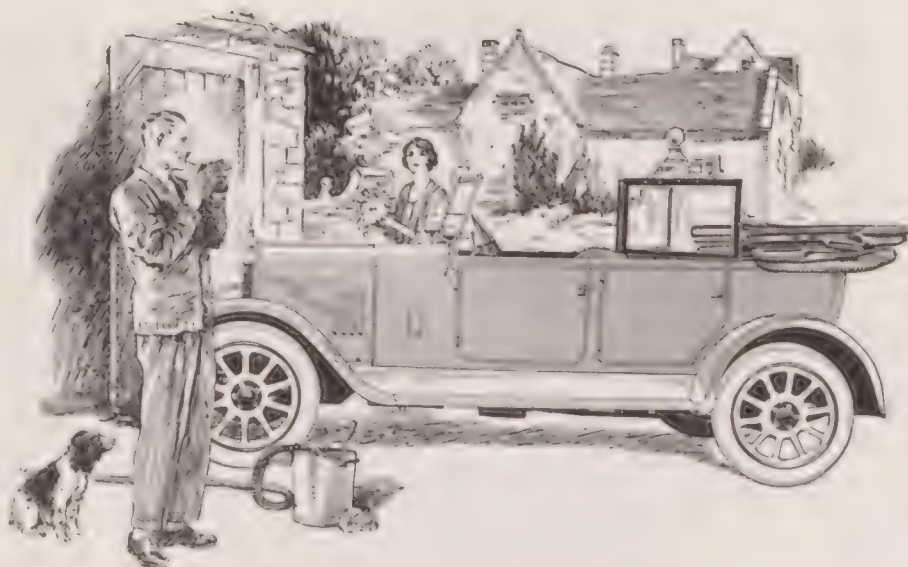
Easily I managed to free my mouth, and yelled—and yelled!



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A "Standard" Owner is naturally proud of his car—as is his wife of her house. He rejoices in its appearance; revels in its excellences; loves to keep it in tune; and drives it with deep pleasure.

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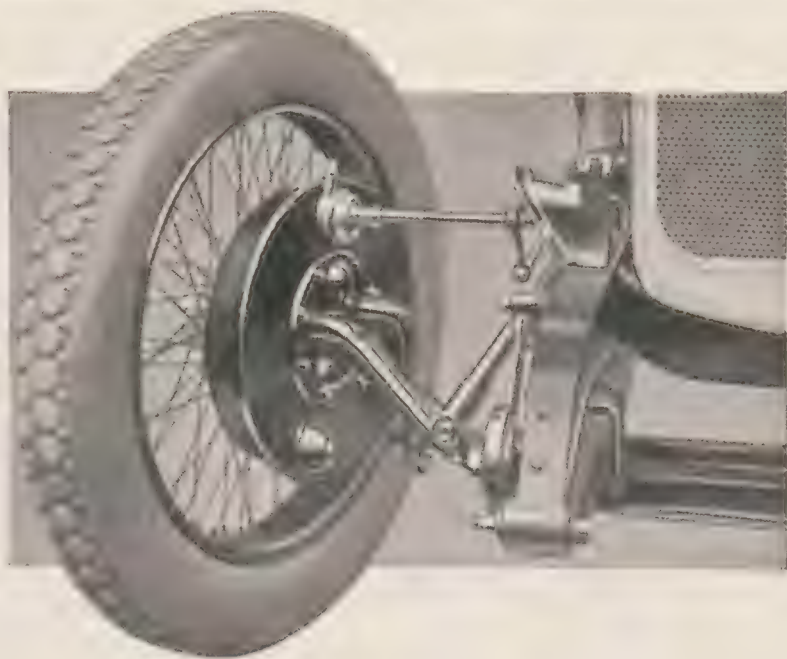
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*EXTRACT FROM "AUTOCAR"  
which conducted prolonged tests  
with the Sunbeam braking system*

"To-day we can confidently assert that the brakes are as effective and apparently as perfect in operation as they were at the outset. A touch of the pedal applies all brakes simultaneously, and arrests the progress of the car smoothly and surely."

Sept. 28th, 1923

# THE SUPREME SUNBEAM WITH SIX BRAKES (SYSTEM PATENTED) OF PROVED EFFICIENCY

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"I NEVER KNEW A NATURALIST WHO WAS NOT A GOOD MAN."

## WHERE THERE IS NO HOUSING PROBLEM.



HOW often do we look at the miraculous works of Mother Nature and stand aghast at their splendour, their marvellous accuracy of detail, delicacy and intricacy, and the very cunning yet efficient simplicity in which she accomplishes her tasks? The reader will agree then that the smaller things of this world are no less praiseworthy than those which by their significance are ever before man's admiring eye. Why, we venture to think that the very small examples of insect housing illustrated this month are even more remarkable in a sense than some of the architectural wonders.



OUR first picture is of the cells of the leaf-cutter bee, to be found in rotten wood, generally of willows. These empty cells are marvels of skilful building—circles and oblongs of rose leaves—cut and fashioned by the bee, wherein to lay her eggs. The top (right) picture is of the little home of the hover-fly. Wherever there have been green-fly there will also be found under leaves these parchment houses, with their lids open wide.

THE cocoon of the goat-moth (centre) is strongly made of tiny chips of wood, and our rare illustration is of the cocoon and chrysalis.



ON the left are three empty cocoons of oak egg-moths—brown in colour and made of liquid caterpillar silk that hardens into wind and damp-proof parchment—so simple yet satisfactory; while, on the right, we depict the nest of a tree wasp—as strong, in comparison, as a cement building.

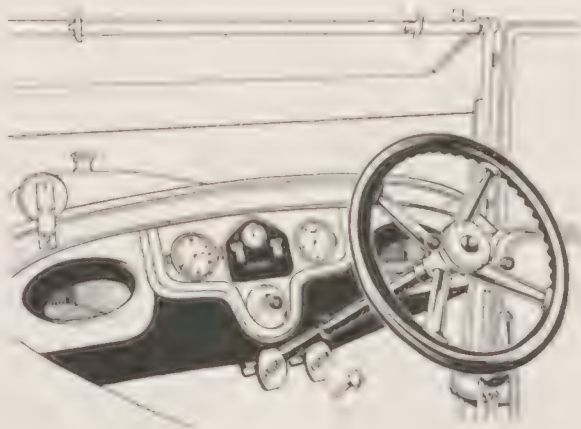


IF YOU WISH TO LIVE AND THRIVE—LET THE SPIDER RUN ALIVE.



## THE NEW 10 H.P. TRIUMPH LIVES UP TO ITS NAME.

*Illustrating the smart dashboard, clutch and foot-brake pedals, and controls (aren't they*



*neat ?), adjustable wind-screen, and small recesses for books, maps, and odd impedimenta.*



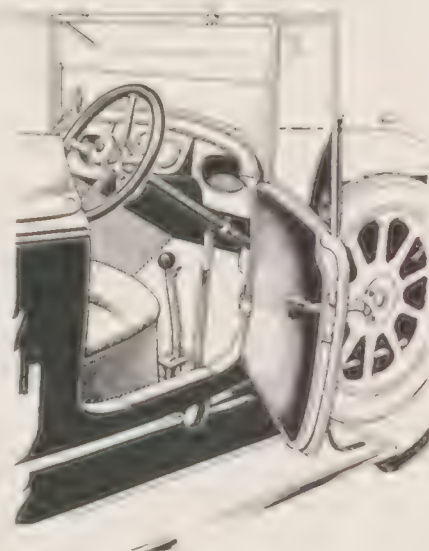
*Sometimes a dickey seat is a horribly cramped affair, but that of the new Triumph car is particularly roomy and comfortable. The lines also are very attractive.*

**B**UILT for quality and not for a price, the 10 h.p. Triumph car is truly one of the few real quality light cars. "Quality" as we know it, and not as a word ill-used in persuasive glibber by contraption-selling salesmen. And not only is this goodly attribute pronounced in the materials used, but also in the design and construction.

Of clean design, and possessing the maximum of accessibility—these are the two outstanding features of the really efficient four-cylinder ten horsepower Ricardo-designed power unit. By the way, we won't say how we put this engine to test for fear of a claim of ill-treatment, but its performance truly astonished us.

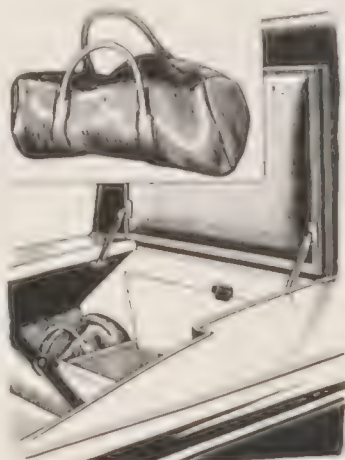
It is a matter only of seconds to dismantle entirely the bonnet, so novel is the method of fastening. Each of the two sides and the top are quite independent and detachable—yet rattle-proof when in position.

Coachwork again speaks "quality"; while leather upholstery is used, giving a luxurious appearance and real seating comfort. There are many attractive details, as illustrated, and surely the car itself is attractive at £410? Nevertheless, in our opinion, the new Triumph car is a really good car—and a triumph for the British Motor Industry.



*There are two doors to the driving seat—a consideration! And the efficient side screens of clear celluloid, and mounted in metal frames, open with the doors.*

*Lockers for tools are situated on each side of the dickey seat. Side curtains are housed also*



*in a compartment there; while the strongly constructed tool bags have the popular patent fastener.*



*"NOT SIMPLE CONQUEST, TRIUMPH IS HIS AIM."*



*We cannot be surprised at the pilot's perplexity at this parting of the ways. However, his doubt as to road direction certainly does not extend to his choice of a car, for he has shown most excellent judgment in selecting the beautiful smooth-running 10 h.p. Triumph model.*



# WIRELESS AND MOTORING.

*How wireless may become of practical use to motorists. The fascination of experimental work for the coming winter evenings, and particulars of a single valve receiver which gives wonderful results without an aerial.*

THERE has always been a latent opinion among motorists who are also wireless amateurs that wireless will, sooner or later, become an adjunct, in some practical manner, of motoring. The carrying of receivers on cars is interesting, but when all is considered it is really only one stage beyond carrying a gramophone. In other words, the wireless receiver is of no assistance in time of trouble.

Those who have studied the matter closely have always had in mind the big point in regard to wireless: that it is a means of communication, always providing that transmission as well as receiving facilities are possible. In the present conditions we have receiving facilities only, so that widespread and general use of wireless "as a means of communication" is beyond our reach.

But this does not mean that we shall stay at this point. As time goes on, things will happen which will have a big bearing on the future use of wireless by motorists. When one travels on a fixed route, as is provided by rail or steamship travel, it is a comparatively easy matter to establish communication in times of emergency. But when a motorist takes the road, he can be, unwittingly or otherwise, a very elusive target for messages *en route*. Wireless is not a sure means of communication, but it is probably the best available. Recently, it will be remembered, the London Broadcasting Station sent out an "S.O.S." message to the effect that a Glasgow motorist who was touring "somewhere near London" was wanted to return to Glasgow at once, as his mother was

dying. His whereabouts were unknown, nobody knew what hotel he would stay at for the night. The only definite information known as to his whereabouts came through his stopping and asking two A.A. Patrols the road to Oxford. A garage at Oxford heard the broadcast on its receiver, recognised the car standing in garage and promptly conveyed the important message to the motorist, who at once departed for Glasgow.

"One swallow does not indicate that summer has come," and although this was a very unique case of a broadcast "S.O.S.," it does point to future possibilities in regard to wireless communication to motorists who have lost touch with home or business, and cannot be reached until they communicate. The case referred to shows that when, for vital or emergency reasons, any member of the public is urgently sought for, be he Prime Minister on a holiday tour, or a humble worker oblivious of a calamity at home, it is more than a sporting chance that "wireless" will reach him. For this reason it is apparent that wireless communication for such purposes might be included among the public services. It is possible that this

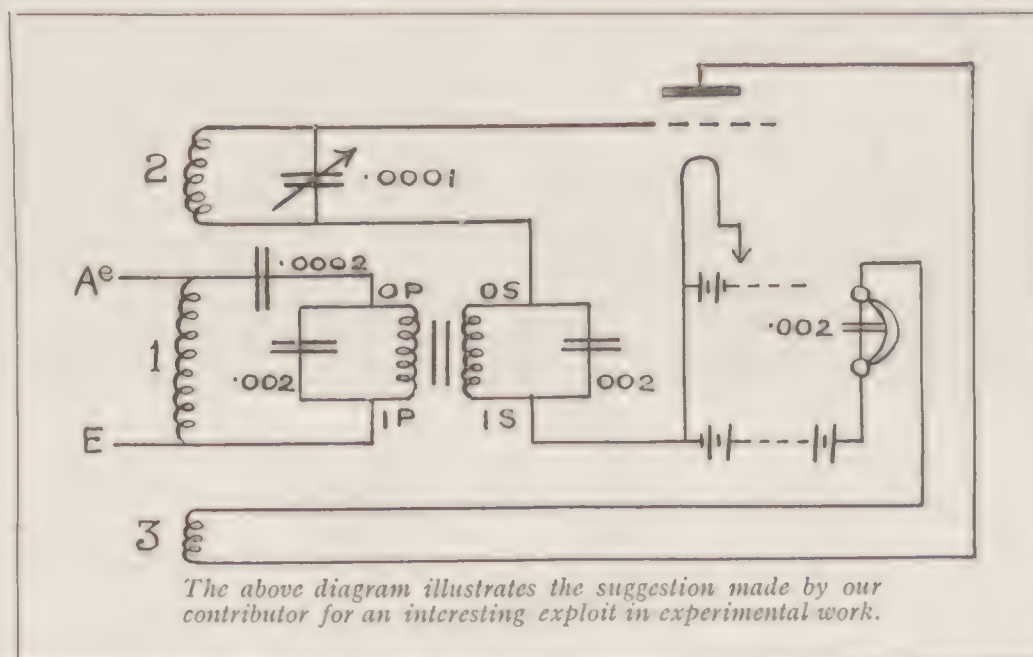
"S.O.S." from "LO" to a lost motorist will provide the necessary precedent leading to development of broadcasting into something more than just passing amusement.

We believe it is only a matter of time, and development and improvement of "wireless" generally, before it will become of tremendous utility to touring motorists as well as the general public. We already hear of many hotels fitted with receivers to enable visitors to "listen-in" on dull evenings. Garages are also adopting wireless, just now for amusement, but always with an eye to future use in connection with their business of serving motorists. So that, whatever be the actual value of broadcast communications to motorists, the audience will always be present!

When receivers become simpler to operate, less expensive and more portable, it goes without saying that they will be used—if the authorities "permit"—in times of trouble in out-of-the-way places, where telephones for communicating with repairers are not available. In fact, the motoring community is now big enough to have a wireless service of its own. Consider, for example, the periodical issue of

weather conditions in different areas of the United Kingdom, which would enable tourists to turn away from bad weather into the sunshine. This priceless boon could easily be conferred by wireless. Furthermore, we will make the prophecy that this service and many others will be in everyday use within a few years.

Wireless is very much like the motoring of 1896 onwards. It is an innovation, and it will have to go through a period of







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*The Motor-Owner, December, 1923*



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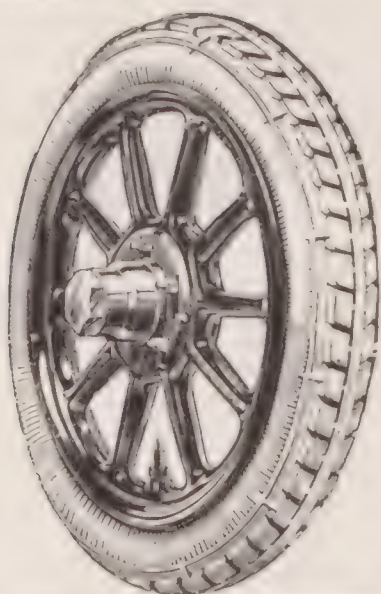
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A Lady Owner  
writes:—

Dear Mr. Edge,

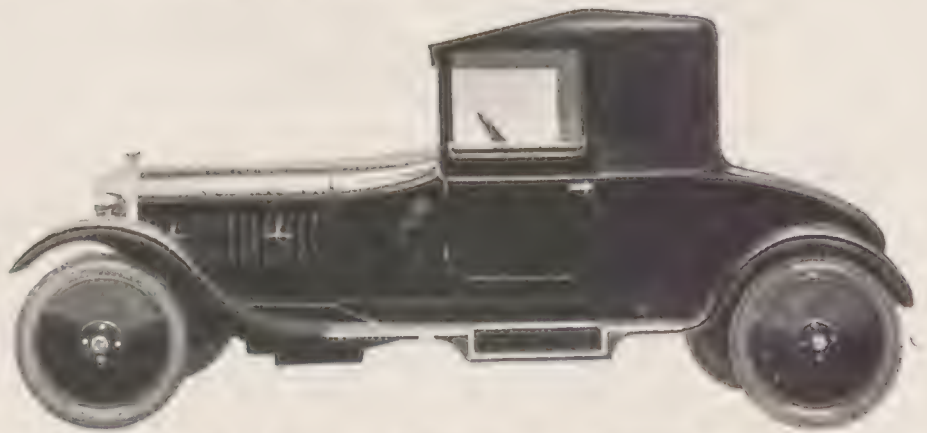
I promised to let you know how my 6-cylinder AC Coupé behaved, after giving her a good test. I have now covered well over 2,000 miles, having just returned in her from Scotland (Stobo, Peebleshire), and I am more than satisfied with her—she has gone magnificently, and is now extraordinary on her hills, very fast and without the slightest effort, and she is so flexible and well sprung that after quite a long day's run one steps out of her as fresh as when you started! Which is saying a good deal when you think how small she is and light. She has been much admired—and has astonished and amazed more than one who have followed her on the road. I consider her a Perfect Lady's Car. With kind regards, believe me,

Yours truly,  
(signed) N. C. PHILIPSON (Mrs.)

Such praise needs no further comment from us. Suffice it to say that the letter we reproduce is but one of many, all expressing the same sentiments.

*S. F. Edge*

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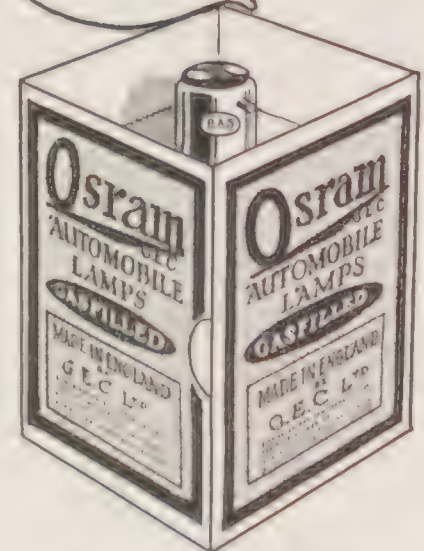
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Every lamp packed separately in a strong carton for convenient storage in garage or car.



## A COMBINED WIRELESS CABINET AND LOUD SPEAKER.

*Continued from page 44.*

bondage and restraint, just as motor-ing did in the old dark days. When wireless escapes from the clutches of officialdom, and the brains of clever inventors have been devoted for two or three years to improvement and simplification, we shall escape from the present limitations of wave-lengths, jamming, and other present-day handicaps, and messages *via* the ether will contribute to easier motoring conditions.

Throughout the many long and dark winter evenings, a very large number of motorists will pass the time away in experimenting as well as listening-in. It is really wonderful to observe how "wireless" attracts the man with a mechanical bent. It is absorbing to anyone having the most superficial knowledge of electrical matters and the ability to use simple tools. This is possibly the reason why so many wives, who have seen the effects of wireless on other husbands, are doing everything possible to dissuade their own husbands from partially forsaking motoring for wireless, notwithstanding the great attraction of "listening-in."

The assembly of trial sets based on new circuits need not be an expensive matter. Where a set is already in use, and working perfectly, it is hardly worth while to upset its connections for experimental work. Therefore one's best course is to lay in a small stock of valve holders, filament resistances, transformers, terminals, etc., and mount them as required by the circuits being tried upon a flat board of the required dimensions. The phones, loudspeaker and the high and low tension batteries attached to the permanent set may be "borrowed" when the testing period arrives.

The institution of an experimental set will be very welcome during broadcasts of little interest, the transmissions can be used for "trying out" the new circuit. In the present state of wireless anybody may inadvertently stumble over a new idea in connections which may be of considerable value. Many ideas now incorporated in standard sets have been discovered by using circuit connections dead against orthodox ideas. So that the wireless enthusiast really has much encouragement towards becoming a *bona fide* experimenter with a batch of

receiver constituents which really cost very little, but can afford much amusement, and possibly financial reward.

In connection with experiments which may be made on the permanent set, there are some which can be carried out without much derangement of circuits, and which can be put on and removed in a matter of minutes. For example, it is very interesting to test out the various rejector circuits now being widely published in wireless journals. Every owner of a long range set longs for some arrangement, quickly attached, which will wipe out the unwelcome noise on a long distance reception, or if working near a broadcasting station, will cut it out entirely, so that another B.B.C. station will come in clear, strong, and free from snorts and crashes. It is also possible temporarily to break circuits for the insertion of potentiometers, or additional filament resistances, so that the currents on each valve can be independently controlled. In many cases reception may be greatly improved by such circuit alterations.

Concerning experimental work in new circuits, here is a suggestion which may be welcome to those looking for

interesting experiences. The circuit shown on this page is rather wonderful for several reasons: the single valve works as high frequency, detector and amplifier (l.f.). On an aerial it will give signals equal to those obtained from two valves, and it will also give signals, broadcast music without connection to an aerial. As a matter of fact, it should not be attached to an aerial owing to danger of re-radiation. The sizes of the three tuning De Forest coils, when receiving a B.B.C. broadcast on a G.P.O. aerial should be one 35 turns, two 75 turns, and three 50 turns. The coils Nos. 1 and 2 should be operated simultaneously with tuning by the .0001 variable condenser across the No. 2 coil, and the third coil brought up for reaction when the desired signals are heard. The tuning is rather critical, but the set is very stable. When using it without an aerial connection the A<sub>c</sub> terminal can be connected to a gas bracket, or the tap on a gas heating stove, and the earth terminal left disconnected.

It is remarkable that when working on the "gas-pipe" aerial, provincial broadcasts can be received in the London area. It is somewhat difficult, but it can be done and, of course, much easier when the nearby station is closed down. Our set, working 14 miles below London, has brought in Newcastle and Glasgow quite clearly, while those who have had more experience claim to have shut off London while working and obtained other stations at will. A 6-volt accumulator is necessary, 4 volts not being sufficient, while the high tension may range from 36 to 60 volts. Almost any type of receiving valve, except the soft "Dutchman," will function well, and it is possible to strengthen signals by the attachment of a one or two-valve low frequency panel.

Some idea of its normal strength may be gleaned from the fact that when working 14 miles from LO it will operate a loud speaker clearly, but, of course, weakly. The writer has "tried out" several "freak" and other new circuits, but this little outfit, which is not expensive to assemble, beats them all for sheer efficiency and stability once the wanted signals are tuned in. In conclusion, the transformer *must* be really good and the four fixed condensers supplied by a reliable maker.



The "Chello" Cabinet, made by Chellis, 6-7, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C.2, contains a wood sound box of unique design and provides room for a complete receiving set. Fitted as a two-valve note magnifier, it becomes a self-contained loud speaker. Its price is £3, or fitted with standard Amplion, £6 5s.



## THE CRADLE OF OUR FAITH.

By Martin H. Potter.

*There are but few who, watching the traffic of a busy river near its mouth, give a passing thought to its source; and we venture to think that the analogy applies to many who visit Canterbury Cathedral. They lose sight of all that its beginnings stand for in a contemplation of its present glories. Our contributor deals with the subject from this point of view.*

**I**F you stand in the beautiful close of Canterbury Cathedral, beneath the shadow of the magnificent building, and you are in the right frame of mind, that magic wizard, whose name is *The Bygone*, will steal gently upon you and envelop your yielding frame in his *Mantle of Memories*. Once that happens, your spirit is wafted to shadowy regions where you see with the eyes of the past.

The ancient walls will melt into thin air, to be succeeded by wide wooden huts yet more antique—more appropriate to the dawn of Christianity in Britain, for you are standing in old Cantwaralyng, *the dwelling of the men of Kent*.

Threading its way through the crowds of wondering Saxons comes a procession of Roman monks, their foreign vestments, dark skins and hair in striking contrast to the fair, blue-eyed, roughly clothed people who flock around them. At the head of the procession a large silver cross is borne aloft, the symbol of the monks' mission, and immediately behind it strides a man who towers head and shoulders above his followers; a man whose commanding presence is allied to a face at once powerful and gentle. It is St. Augustine, the first of that long line of Archbishops who have held their See at Canterbury ever since that memorable day.

And outside his palace Aethelberht, the King, and his wife Bertha are seated waiting to receive the prelate - missionary, who in a very short time after his departure from Rome has succeeded in carrying Christianity into pagan Britain.

Of all the scenes which are associated with this sacred spot, there is none more epoch-making or more marvellous than this culmination of the peaceful invasion which dethroned Woden and the other gods of Northern mythology, and placed Christ in the temples which had been previously given over to their worship. It is worthy of note that this wonderful result was accomplished not by compulsion, but persuasion; a striking departure from the forceful methods of those fighting days.

You see the converted King urged by his wife—for many years a Christian—bestowing a ruined temple on Augustine, and on this site the mother cathedral of Britain is erected. No vestige of that fane remains, but where it stood over 1,300 years ago, a cathedral has been ever since.

Once the faith is established it spreads like wildfire over the land. On one Christmas Day 10,000 converts are baptised by the monks; and other churches and monasteries spring up throughout the country.

Down through the ages, impervious to all the vicissitudes which come to our land, you will see the Church

triumphant. Kings come and go, now Saxons, now Danes, now Normans rule the land; but, steadily persistent, Christianity in Britain presses forward to its appointed end—the welding into a harmonious whole of a disintegrated island, the leading of a race from savagery to civilisation. Be your creed what it may, you can but recognise that the spot you stand on is hallowed ground—the cradle of a great endeavour which, in spite of many fallings from grace, accomplished its undertaking.

In your visions of these early days you will note many indications of the methods adopted to bring about this change. You may take as example the teaching of Theodore of Tarsus, consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in 668. Under his *régime* men were brought to a realisation that crime was not only an offence against the injured individual, but a yet greater outrage on the personality of the criminal. That was a new doctrine to the Saxons, although a Numidian teacher had epitomised it many years before in the words "Good conscience you owe to yourself; good fame to your neighbour."

Beneath your eyes an establishment of learning will arise in Canterbury, founded by Archbishop Theodore, with teachers, primed with all the accumulated knowledge of Rome, and eager to share their gifts with converts. Amongst other things they bring is a knowledge of architecture. You need no reminder that many specimens of their ecclesiastical handiwork in stone still remain.

As an indication that the teaching of Theodore concerning a man's conscience



*Our illustration shows the City of Canterbury as it was in those days when countless men and women made the pilgrimage to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket.*



—AND NONE BUT PRIESTS WERE AUTHORISED TO KNOW.”

had only made partial headway in the land of his adoption, your thoughts may leap the centuries to the days of William Rufus.

An old historian writes of the incident referred to thus:—“*King William lying sicke at Gloucester and thinking he should have died, his Barons putte into his head his promise to God and the world that he would amend his life. And forthwith, he gave unto Anselm Abbott of Becco, the archbythopricke of Canterbury.*”

You will regret to learn that when the King had recovered his health, “*he repented him that hee had not sold this Bishopricke for a great peece of money.*”

Amongst all the great men who have guided the destinies of the Church in our land from Canterbury, the one who will stand out most prominently in your visions will be he who has come down to posterity as Thomas à Becket. To his contemporaries he was Archbishop Thomas—surnames were not in general use in England until a later date.

You will see him at the apex of his power; you will see him at the moment when all temporal things were departing from him; but always as a brave man, both from a physical and mental standpoint.

He was a lover of pomp and opulence. Indeed, the Church had long before forsaken the simple mode of living practised by St. Augustine and the other early clergy. Yet this can be said for Thomas—that he was entirely free from the vice which stained the records of many of his calling at that period, and always his arrogance was tempered by the saving grace of humour.

In his earlier days, as the friend of Henry II, there are many stories told of him which illustrate this point. It is admitted that, as the Chancellor of the King, he guided the somewhat erratic, although strong, monarch towards effecting great reforms in the government of the Kingdom.

It is noteworthy that Thomas the Chancellor

foresaw and stated to the King that his acceptance of the Archbishopric would sever his friendship with his Royal master. In spite of this warning the sovereign insisted and the results were as Thomas had predicted.

Coincident with his promotion to the See he relinquished the Chancellorship with the characteristic plea that he could by no means serve two masters. The upshot of this decision had many unhappy results. Not the least of these was a severance of good relations between the Church, as represented by the Archbishop, and the State. In this dispute Thomas was not upheld by the other Bishops, who clung to the King, but the mass of the people were ranged on his side.

Through all these disputes the Archbishop's demeanour was that of calm courage, and insistence that his holy office must protect him from all personal danger. At one interview with the infuriated King he bore the cross himself for protection instead of having it carried before him, in

spite of the reminder of the Archbishop of York that his departure from custom constituted defiance of the King, “*who has a sword which is sharper than your pastoral staff.*”

The same disregard of consequences actuated him in his last moments on earth. You see him facing death calmly within the walls of the Cathedral. The four knights who have interpreted literally the half-petulant, half-provocative demand of the sovereign—“*Is there not one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?*”—stand before him fully armed, imprecations on their lips, murder in their hearts. Even at this moment he could save his life by complying with their demands, but he scorns to do so. Axe and sword cleave their way through his devoted head, and the soul of the brave Primate has flown to meet its Maker.

You will see the many happenings that followed on this tragedy: the canonisation of the murdered Archbishop; the penitent King kneeling on the spot where his former friend

had been slain, seeking to expiate his sin with body bared to the scourging rods of monks and bishops; the countless multitude of pilgrims, monarchs as well as subjects, from all over Europe, passing before you to worship at the shrine of the martyr. You will be present at the moment when the chivalrous Black Prince, returned from the glorious battle of Poitiers, flushed with the victory gained by his little army of 8,000 over the enemy's 50,000, attended with his defeated opponent, King John, to lay offerings on the hallowed spot. You will attend the solemn rites when that same Black Prince is carried to his last rest in the Cathedral. All these and many more wonderful and picturesque scenes will be re-enacted for you; but the memory most vivid in your mind when the wizard *Bygone* has regained his mantle will be that of a small procession of simple unassuming monks with St. Augustine and the Cross of the Church at its head.



This reproduction from a very old print depicts the Chapter House, Canterbury Cathedral. Its wonderfully carved roof and beautiful stone work are fine examples of church architecture.



## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

### New Models of a French Car.

A POPULAR pre-war car which has met with an encouraging reception on its re-introduction is the Th. Schneider. The models of this fine French car which are on view at the firm's showrooms, 28, South Molton Street, will well repay inspection. The 15 h.p. chassis at £625 is a magnificent example of engineering skill.

### The Romance of the Road.

We commend to the notice of all motor-owners *The Road*, an essay by Hilaire Belloc on the history of roads and road-making in our country.

The fascinating pages of this book take up the history of highways from their first inception, when they were emerging from tracks, down to the present-day developments rendered necessary by the vast advance of motor locomotion. Mr. Belloc happily blends the romance of his subject with practical suggestion for improvement in our present system of vehicular communication.

The book is published for the British Reinforced Concrete Engineering Co., Ltd., by Charles W. Hopson, St. James's Square, Manchester.

### Motor Knowledge for Young and Old.

Although *The Boys' Book of Motors*, by Wilfred Gordon Aston, caters primarily for the "young idea," we think that fathers and bachelors will also be tempted to dip into its pages, more especially if they are recruits to the ever-growing army of motorists. With homely examples, simple language, and exhaustive diagrams, Mr. Aston gives a comprehensive outline of motor chassis from sparking-plug to rear axle. There are also many beautifully-coloured examples of completed cars. The book is published by E. & F. N. Spon, Ltd., 57, Haymarket, S.W.1, at a net price of 10s. 6d.

### The Boyce Moto-Meter.

An error crept into our last issue as to the manufacturers of the Boyce Moto-Meter, a useful little fitting the utility of which we have frequently commented on.

The sole British manufacturers are the Benjamin Electric, Ltd., of Brantwood Works, Tariff Road, Tottenham, N., and furthermore they have control of the sales of this device. Mr. Harrison H. Boyce, who is the inventor of this device and vice-president of the Moto-Meter Co., Inc., has no connection with any firm in the United Kingdom except the Benjamin Electric, Ltd., as above-mentioned.

### A New Appointment.

Mr. Edgar Stafford, A.M.I.A.E., in addition to his

many motoring activities in England, rendered war service at Archangel, where he directed a regiment of Russian mechanical transport men engaged in erecting Cross-leys for the Russian front. Although Mr. Stafford was without any knowledge of the Russian language when he landed, he was soon speaking to his mechanics in their native patois. This linguistical effort is an example of the painstaking ability which has always characterised his work. We of THE MOTOR-OWNER desire to offer Mr. Stafford our congratulations on his new appointment as general manager to the British Motor Trading Corporation, Ltd.—agents for the Swift, Chandler, Cleveland, Mathis and Hupmobile cars. Their establishments in London, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham constitute complete service depots and spare parts stores.

### Oil on the Troubled Waters.

A striking example of the admirable tendency in modern advertising to call the beauties of nature and the wonders of art to its aid is contained in the new signboard of Shell Spirit Oils. This depicts the remarkable Giants' Causeway at Antrim, which continues along the bed of the sea and rises to *terra firma* again at Fingal's Cave, Staffa. We are reminded of the legend which ascribes its construction to Fingal, desirous of affording a passage to his brother giants from Ireland to Scotland.

### Motor Body Building.

*Motor Body Building*, by James Shepherd, published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., is a new volume in their well-known "Workshop Series," issued under the editorship of Mr. Bernard E. Jones. The author, who is an experienced engineer, explains clearly the methods of designing

the motor body for any particular chassis, and shows how to design up-to-date styles of landaulettes, cabriolets, open bodies, etc. Chapters are devoted to the actual building, to timbers, tools, framing, construction, and other details. There are 176 illustrations.

### A Handy Road Guide.

We have received from Messrs. Russell & Co., Thanet House, 231-2, Strand, W.C.2, a copy of their handy *Road Guide*, which provides a reliable series of itineraries for motorists in all directions, taking Charing Cross as the starting point. Practically every main road in England and Wales (also part of Scotland) is brought within the scope of the guide, naming two thousand towns and villages.

### A New Magazine.

An advance copy of *Tip Top Stories*, a new magazine, has reached us. The authors who contribute to the first number include Beatrice Grimshaw, H. de Vere Stacpoole and H. Bedford Jones, and the opening chapters of a thrilling serial based on the adventures of the Newfoundland sailing fleet. The magazine is published by Mr. A. W. Board, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C., who brings to his new venture an experience gained by many years of adventure and journalism in London and various parts of Canada. He won the M.M. whilst serving in the late war and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. We wish the magazine every success, which we are sure will be attained if succeeding issues live up to the standard of the first.

### Two New Models.

In addition to improved editions of the 9 h.p. oil-cooled two-cylindered and 15-20 h.p. water-cooled four-cylindered models of the past few seasons, Belsize Motors, Ltd., are offering for 1924 two entirely new chassis, nominally of 10-20 and 14-30 h.p. The extremely moderate prices of these new models—the 10-20 h.p. is listed at £275 complete and the 14-30 h.p. at £415 complete—has not been obtained by any cheapening or scamping in design, material or workmanship. They have been produced under the personal direction of Lt.-Col. G. Pilkington Mills, D.S.O., M.I.M.E., M.I.A.E., M.I.E.I., who has become technical director and chief engineer in connection with the reconstruction of the company now proceeding.

Thus Belsize Motors, Ltd., established and building motor-cars in 1895, enter upon a new lease of life with every assurance of success, if only because of the appreciation of present owners.



Mr. Edgar Stafford, A.M.I.A.E., the new General Manager of the British Motor Trading Corporation, Ltd., who, in various prominent positions, has been associated with the Motor Industry considerably over twenty years.

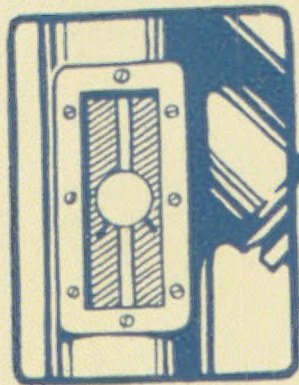




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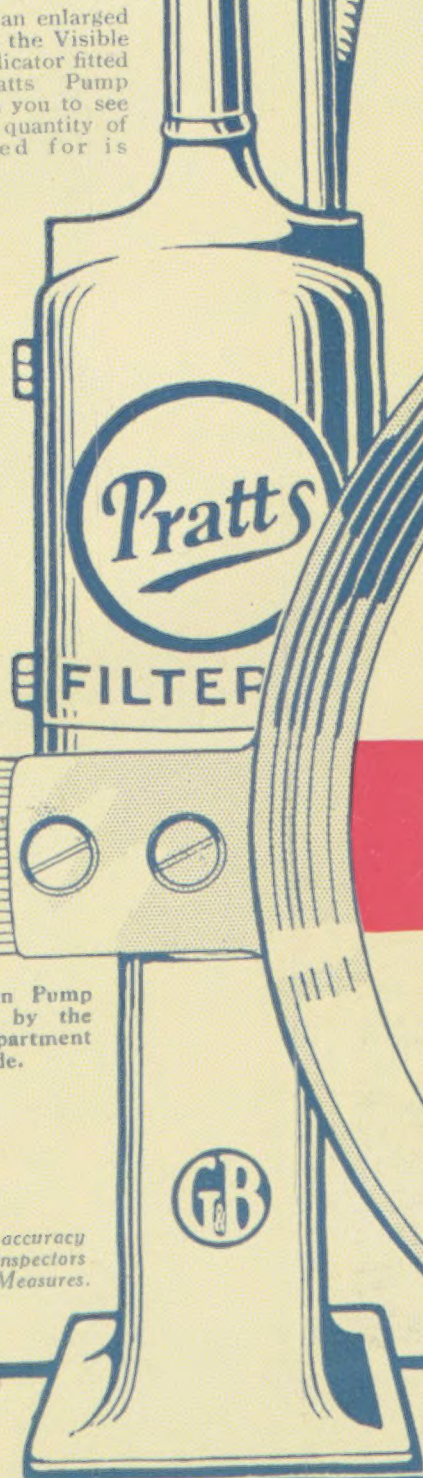
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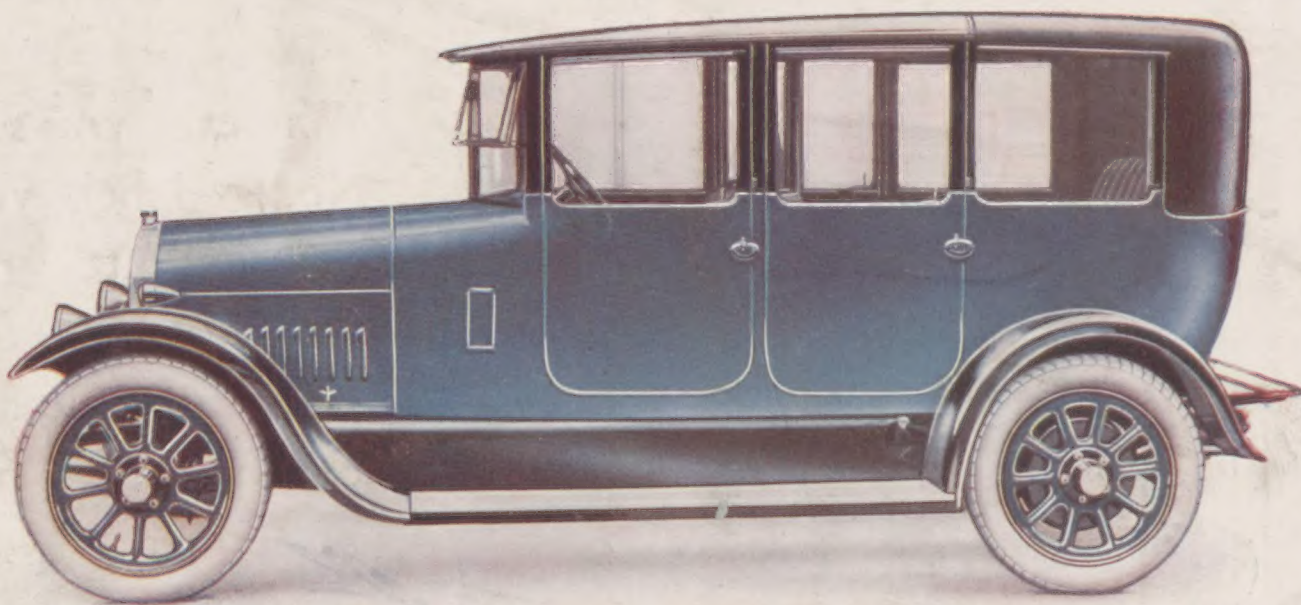


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11.4 h.p. 4-seater, with Auster rear screen	... ..	£475
11.4 h.p. Coupé (with double dickey seat)	... ..	£565
11.4 h.p. 3 door Saloon	... ..	£595
11.4 h.p. 4-seater All-Weather	... ..	£610
15.9 h.p. 5-seater Touring Car, with Auster rear screen	... ..	£695
15.9 h.p. 3-door Saloon	... ..	£915
15.9 h.p. Saloon Landaulette	... ..	£915

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